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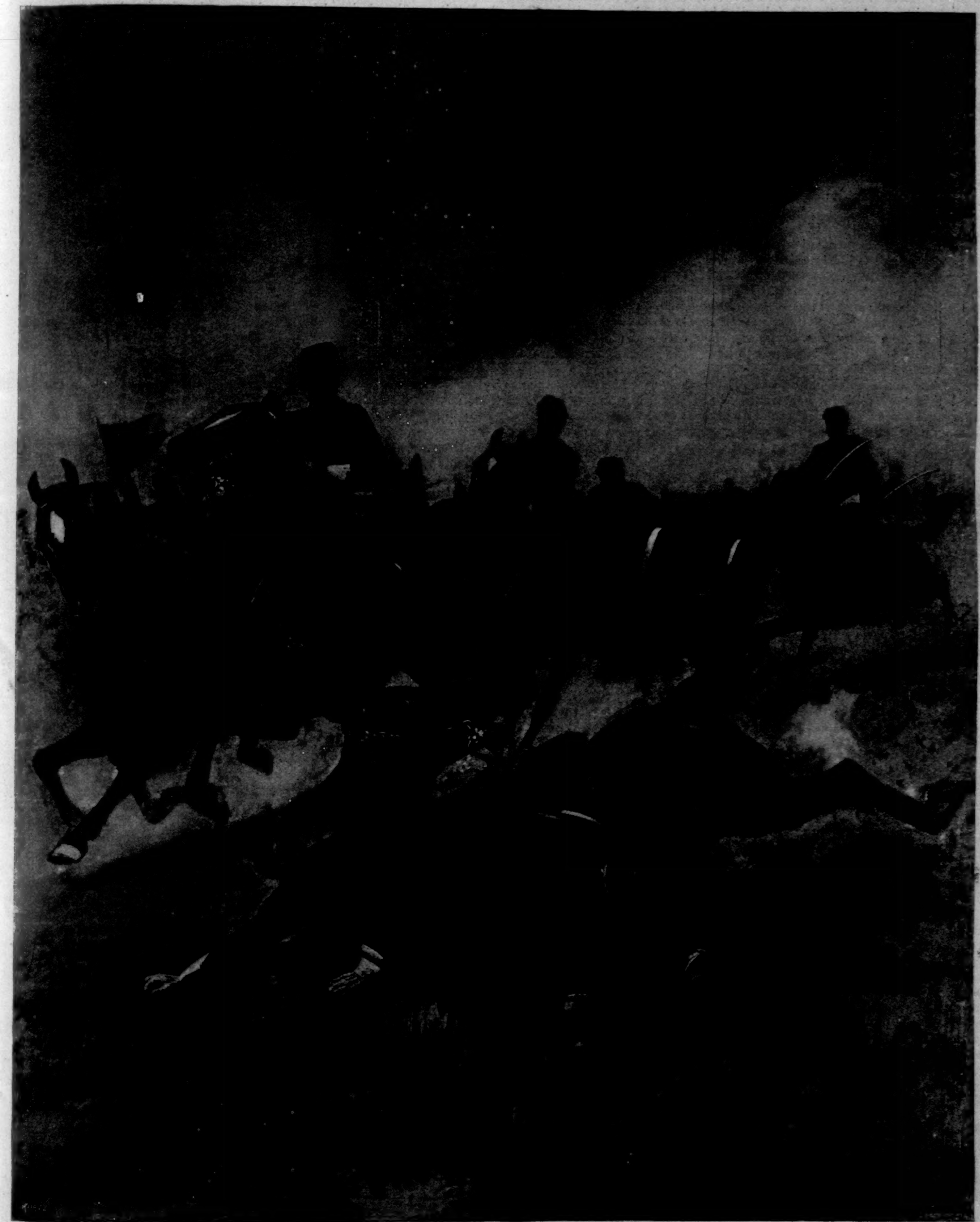

"DOWN!"

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 894.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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A SENSATION IN GERMANY.

AN Emperor-King administering, in the name of his "divine right," a stinging rebuke, coupled with threats, to the nobility, because they are opposing a liberal policy, is a curious spectacle. This is what has recently happened in Germany. Five months ago we set forth in these columns the importance of the commercial treaty concluded between Germany and Russia, by which the direful evils of a tariff war between those two countries had been happily averted, and at the same time a friendlier feeling between the governments and nations had been brought about—an achievement which, following closely upon the heels of the boisterous fraternization between the French and Russians on the occasion of the visit of a Russian squadron at Toulon, had a peculiar political significance as an additional guarantee of peace in Europe. The Emperor had used all his power to secure the consent of the Reichstag to this treaty, while it had been fiercely opposed by the so-called Agrarian party, of which the large landlords, especially the landed nobility, formed the most important constituent element. This party opposed the treaty because by it the protective duties upon agricultural products were seriously reduced in favor of Russia, in return for important commercial advantages granted by Russia to Germany. It was a liberal measure in the best sense of the term, and has not failed to bring forth excellent economic results.

The opposition of the nobility to what he had emphatically proclaimed to be his policy seems to have excited the young monarch's hot resentment, not only because it threatened to defeat one of his pet measures, and threatens still further trouble, but also because it came from a class of persons to whose support the monarch thought himself especially entitled. He gave vent to his feelings at a great dinner given on the occasion of a military parade in the province of East Prussia. In the first place, he struck from the list of the guests the names of some noblemen who had made themselves most conspicuous by their opposition. Then in his dinner speech he launched forth in great style. He denounced the opposition of Prussian noblemen to their King as "a monstrosity." He denied that they had any right to oppose; they had only to follow when the King was at their head. He reminded them that his ancestors had more than once curbed a refractory nobility in the interest of the common weal. He declared that he would walk the path of his great ancestors as a monarch by the grace of God, standing upon his divinely appointed authority as upon a rock of iron. He summoned them to rally under the banner of his house in the fight for religion, morality, and order against the enemies of society, and to cling to the dynasty as the ivy winds round the oak-tree, adorning and protecting it; and he assured them that if they returned to their ancient fidelity he would graciously receive them and all would be forgiven.

The most striking peculiarity of this extraordinary speech is that it reproves opposition to a liberal policy with a set of arguments and invocations befitting only the most absolute of mediæval absolutisms. To call the peaceable non-compliance of the nobility with the behests of the monarch a "monstrosity" and to deny the right of anybody, whether noble or ordinary citizen, to oppose a measure submitted to a Parliamentary body, as the Russian treaty was submitted to the Reichstag, appears like a flat denial of the very first principle of constitutional government—we might almost say of modern society. No wonder that all Germany pricked up its ears and asked, what does this mean? The speech, if it were the Emperor's only utterance of this kind, might be explained on the theory that the Emperor knew the nobility were at heart absolutists, and that if he wished to make any impression upon them, he had to address them from a stand-point which really was their own, and which they might be expected to understand and appreciate. In the same manner might be explained the Emperor's allusions to the dealings of some of his ancestors with the nobility, which at times consisted in the hanging of robber-knights, and in other drastic measures against unruly nobles of a milder type. An appeal to such memories has, indeed, a singular sound in these days, when, in civilized countries, nobles as well as other people are sufficiently protected by law not to be exposed to any arbitrary punishment at the hands of the sovereign, except perhaps the loss of favors in the shape of court positions, or crosses, stars, and ribbons which monarchs have to bestow. The Emperor, however, may have judged correctly that there are still members of the nobility to whom the loss of such favors is as serious a thing as hanging was to robber-knights three or four centuries ago.

But, after all, the Emperor's speech cannot wholly be explained upon the assumption that he shrewdly adapted his arguments to his audience, for he has held similar language on other occasions when his audience was very different in character. The fact is that he sincerely believes in kingship by the grace of God. The divine origin of his power is with him a matter of profound faith. It is the very source of his sense of duty and of responsibility. His grandfather, William I., held to the same doctrine, only he did not talk so much about it. With the old Emperor it cropped out only occasionally, while the young monarch is fond of displaying it before the world. In truth, it is an article of the religious creed of the Hohenzollerns. Only Frederick II., the great Frederick, may be supposed secretly to have smiled at it, while outwardly he kept it up as one of the tricks of the "king trade." But it must be admitted that most of the Hohenzollerns have seen in the assumed divine origin of their kingly power less a warrant for doing what they pleased for their personal enjoyment than an obligation to work for the good of the people confided to them. They have not been lazy, self-indulging despots, but in most instances hard workers. And it is also a tradition of their house to make the well-being, not of the aristocracy, but of the poorer classes a special object of their solicitude.

The young Emperor William II. furnishes the sprightliest as well as extremest illustration of these family characteristics. There appear to be strange contradictions in his ways of speaking and of acting. No man can be more fond of soldiering than he. To bring the army and navy to the highest degree of strength and efficiency, and to appear in the rôle of the supreme commander on the manœuvre-field, seem to be his favorite occupations. And yet there is no reason for doubting that he is absolutely sincere and most earnest in his endeavors to maintain the peace of Europe. Judging from the tone of his speeches, it might be supposed that he would to-morrow get his troops together, disperse by force the Reichstag and the Landtag, set aside all constitutional forms, and seek to establish himself as an absolute ruler. But while his talk has been very extravagant, his acts have, on the whole, been characterized with due respect for existing institutions and laws, by earnest solicitude for the public interest, and by much good sense in the conduct of public affairs. There is, indeed, danger that his fondness of startling phraseology in public speaking and his nervous activity, which meddles with everything, may get him into serious trouble. It is certainly apt to impair the prestige of the crown as a power standing above political parties. It may have done so already. The young Emperor will probably learn in the course of time that absolutistic talk, even if uttered in behalf of a liberal policy, can do neither him nor anybody else any good; that it cannot fortify his power; that it will hardly persuade the large land-owners to give up what they consider their interests; that it does not frighten the enemies of society, but that it may seriously disturb—as it seems to have done in this instance—the equanimity of the great body of liberal-minded citizens upon whose confidence and support alone a constitutional monarchy, as well as any other political institution, can safely rest in these days of ours.

REED AND McKINLEY REPUBLICANISM.

Two Republican leaders who are avowedly candidates for their party's nomination for the Presidency to be made two years hence have sounded their "key-notes." They addressed audiences in Maine, taking advantage of the Gubernatorial campaign for that purpose. It was natural, it is true, that Mr. Reed should address his own constituents, but it is evident that Governor McKinley's aid was not needed to carry the State for the Republicans, and that his speech was intended simply as a challenge to his rival in that rival's own bailiwick.

These speeches are the only declarations that have yet been made of Republican policy for 1896. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the country, which longs for a party with definite ideas for the future, and for leadership that can be trusted to carry out pre-election pledges, that these are not the final words from the Republicans, and that the uncertainties and fogs that distract and becloud the minds of Mr. Reed and Mr. McKinley will, in the language of party conventions, render both of them "unavailable." It is certainly a far cry from what these two candidates have said to anything that bears the remotest resemblance to statesmanship; for statesmanship includes at least an appreciation of causes which are moving the popular mind in a well-defined direction. It ought to be the easiest of tasks for men who have had the experience which Mr. Reed and Mr. McKinley have enjoyed to attain to an understanding of why the voters are angry with the Democratic party, which they greatly preferred only two years ago, and why the Republicans have what seems at present a most promising chance to elect the next President. And yet they are evidently incapable of understanding political facts that lie on the surface, and that concern them quite as much as they concern any two men in the country. The attitude of each of them was described by Hosea Biglow many years ago:

> "Ez to my princerples, I glory
>   In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
> I ain't a Whig, I ain't a Tory,
>   I'm jest a candidate, in short."

If the Republican party is to regain the confidence of the country in 1896 it must have principles, and if it nominates a man who is "jest a candidate," its present hope is more than likely to be turned to bitter disappointment.

The country is not aroused against the Democratic party because it has decreased some tariff duties. The Republican who deceives himself by thinking so will remain in the darkness of a past out of which the half-performance of the Democratic party has brought us. The great majorities for the Democratic party in 1890 and 1892 showed clearly that the people have made up their minds that tariff taxes should be reduced, and that raw materials should be placed on the free list. The people of the United States are not the feeble-minded children that some Republican politicians have assumed them to be, and they are not in the habit of rebelling against the party which they have placed in power because it keeps the promises on the faith of which it succeeded. The country is enraged against the Democratic party because it has not fully carried out its pledges, because it has been dominated by the same influences that have for years controlled the Republican party, especially in the framing of the McKinley act, and because whatever there has been of good intention, sound principle, and morality in the Democratic party has been made of no avail by the corruption, greed, and protectionism which have been permitted to rule.

What the people of this country want is an end of the domination of trusts and monopolies that have obtained their power through protective tariffs. They want more rather than less reform of the tariff. They want less of the communism that employs the taxing power of the government for the enrichment of the Sugar Trust on the one hand, and for levying on the incomes of the thrifty on the other. They want less experimenting with their currency, a large majority of the intelligent and controlling members of the community knowing that the tendency of all this is to drag the United States down to the financial level of China and the weakest and most hopeless of the South American countries.

What hope does the Republican party hold out that the country can satisfy its desires by placing it in power? So far as we are to judge from the speeches of these two candidates, absolutely none. Mr. Reed has been coquetting with the silver-mining camps by suggesting reprisals on British commerce if the United Kingdom insists on remaining a single gold-standard country, refusing to enter into an international bimetallic arrangement. He scoffs at the Democrats; but his scoffing seems to be based on the fact that the Democrats are no better than the Republicans, and that the Sugar Trust has written its schedule in the Gorman law just as all protected interests wrote their demands in the McKinley act. Mr. McKinley himself has nothing to suggest. He talks, indeed, about protection, and is sure that this country cannot afford to abandon the protective policy, but he is careful to intimate that times have changed, and that duties need not be so high as they were. Neither of them has anything to say in condemnation of the income tax, and, in fact, the whole Republican party appears to be strangely timid in the face of that bit of class legislation.

Is there no one in the Republican party who has a stronger, more confident, more hopeful "key-note" than has been sounded by these two candidates? Is there no one who has a keener sense of the needs of the time and of the conditions of political success? There are men in the Democratic party who possess both the wisdom and the principles the country demands, and if they succeed within the next two years in wresting control of their organization from Gorman, Brice, Smith, and all that kind, the Republican party cannot count on the Democratic sins of to-day for the victory in 1896. There are some signs of promise in the Democratic party. The resolutions of Ohio Democrats denouncing Brice, the evident hostility of many leading Maryland Democrats and Democratic organizations to Gorman, are among them. Better still is the resolve of the bounty-hunting protectionist sugar-planters of Louisiana to abandon the Democratic party and to unite with the Republicans. That secession will strengthen the Democratic party, for it will strengthen such men as the President and Mr. Wilson in its councils. It is best that men should seem what they are, and therefore the Louisiana planters ought to belong to the party of protection, just as Senators **STEWART** and **JONES** are best placed as Populists. They are less dangerous when they fight in the open. Nevertheless, if the Republican party deserves these allies, deserves the support of the seekers after bounties, and is to remain the party of the trusts, it cannot expect to win the confidence of the people. If, on the other hand, it is to drift and grope, as Mr. **REED** and Mr. **McKINLEY** are drifting and groping, it is also doomed to failure. The country does not intend to face to the rear because the Democratic party has not advanced far enough, nor will it take a plunge in the dark after leaders who have no definite views of their own.

THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY.

IN 1872 the citizens of New York rose in revolt against **TWEED**'s Tammany, as they are now rising against **CROKER**'s and **GILROY**'s Tammany. Then, as now, the corruption of their municipal government had become unendurable to even the most placid, selfish, ease-loving, and indifferent of citizens. Men whose thoughts were generally centred on their own occupations or pleasures awoke to the fact that their property and their means of livelihood were at the mercy of a band of brigands who would plunder them as much as they dared, and that there would be no limit to their felonious courage if their victims showed no sign of resentment. Sensitive citizens, who were proud of their country, who respected themselves and revered the institutions under which they lived, who did their political duty and fulfilled their civic obligations, were filled with shame because of the vulgar scandals, the gross corruption, that flourished at the metropolis of the republic, and were forced to admit that unless the gang that was led by **TWEED** could be driven out of place and power, the democratic form of government was not suited to municipalities.

What followed the uprising against **TWEED** is matter of familiar history — so familiar that it is a sad mark of the city's indifference to the object-lessons of its own history that the ghost of the memory of the convict "boss" is so seldom invoked either to deter his successors or to encourage the good citizens of to-day. For the sake of those who have undertaken the task of ridding the city of its present rulers it is well to recall the achievements of the old Committee of Seventy. It forced Tammany to nominate for Mayor Mr., now Judge, **LAWRENCE**, a man who, while a member of the organization, had not been in favor with the **TWEED** ring. It elected Mr. **HAVEMEYER** against him. It also elected a Republican District Attorney, and defeated **GUNNING S. BEDFORD** for City Judge. It elected seven Republican Aldermen and ten Republican Assistant Aldermen, Tammany succeeding in electing only four Aldermen and eight Assistant Aldermen. And all this was accomplished notwithstanding the fact that independent Democrats, known that year as the Apollo Hall Democracy, ran a straight ticket.

Why should not history repeat itself? Certainly the occasion is quite as grave. Municipal government in a democracy is on trial in New York. Every city in the country is interested in the outcome, for there is no city of size which has not its Tammany, its **CROKERS** and **GILROYS**, and its degraded policemen. New York is not the worst of the cities of the country. In one respect it is now showing itself to be the best, for its people are aroused to the necessity of throwing off the rule of corruption, and are preparing for war on the criminals who have obtained control of their government. New York, almost if not quite alone of the cities of the country, is showing that it possesses a large body of citizens who are willing to make serious sacrifices in the interest of the community. What is going on here is of importance to Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Boston, and to all American cities that have felt the oppression and shame of corrupting rule.

The meeting that was held at Madison Square Garden the other evening, at which it was resolved to appoint a committee of seventy, was representative of nearly every class and condition of men who dwell in the metropolis, except the professional politicians, and even they were not conspicuous by their absence. It was clear from the proceedings of that meeting that the spirit is abroad which made the movement of 1872 successful. There is a general willingness to disregard party ties and to unite on a single ticket against Tammany. As the conference of a few evenings before the meeting declared, the organizations whose members were present constitute a majority of the voters of the city, and if there is a single opposition candidate it is quite safe to say that the Tammany candidate, no matter how respectable he may be, will be defeated by a larger majority than that by which Mr. **HAVEMEYER** was elected in 1872. Arrayed against him will be Republicans, Independents, and Democrats, and among the last will be a goodly company of Tammany voters who will be glad to punish the autocrats who are now at the head of their organization.

It is true that the leaders of the two parties opposed to Tammany Hall are not to be counted on for active assistance to a non-partisan movement unless their demands are gratified. They are for their party first, because their party means themselves. It will not be well, however, with the leader who attempts to obstruct or defeat this movement. He may so divide the anti-Tammany forces that the Tammany candidate will succeed, but there will be no future for him in New York. Even Tammany will discard and despise him. The people are apparently ready to be non-partisan this year. They realize that the chief object to be gained in the coming election is the destruction of Tammany's rule, and the demonstration that the people have the power to defeat any machine against which they rise—that they control their own municipality.

It is the task of the Committee of Seventy to attempt to unite on a single ticket all the elements of opposition to Tammany Hall. In view of the revelations made before the **LEXOW** Committee concerning the character of the government which Tammany has given the city this task ought not to be difficult, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of some leaders. As Mr. **HEWITT** said in his letter to the Madison Square meeting, a single opposition ticket is essential to success. The man or the party or the faction that prevents union will assume a serious responsibility—the responsibility of maintaining criminal rule in New York, and of strengthening the presumption that municipalities cannot be well governed under democratic institutions. If the committee can overcome the partisanship of the politicians who profess to be opposed to Tammany, that organization will have occasion to regard the number seventy as fraught with evil for it.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

THERE begins once more to be a belief in the possibility of finishing the Panama Canal. It would cost a hundred million dollars to do it, and there is thirteen million dollars of Canal Company money, which has been recovered from the men who stole it, that may be applied on the work. If once the French get interested in the canal again, the money to finish it will be forth-coming. As it lies, an unfinished work in which millions have been sunk without a ghost of a return, the canal is a reproach to the world's thrift. Not only the French, but all intelligent human creatures (except possibly some who have money invested in Nicaragua), would be interested, and even proud, to see it completed. It represents in a way an effort of Humanity to beat Nature, and in such a contest human creatures of whatever race are bound to be on Humanity's side.

An American who makes money is prompt in living up to his income. His social aspirations and style of living keep even step with his rising fortunes, so that if his fortunes improve fast enough it takes only a few years to lift him quite out of his old environment into an entirely different one. But the aspirations of the French peasant are much more conservative. Even when he accumulates much money he remains a peasant still. He does not straightway blossom out into a new world, but is much more apt to keep on in the same station of life, doing the same things, and living a little more comfortably, but on much the same scale, and putting his savings into investments. He saves his money before he invests it; that is why he can lose it in great amounts, as he has done in the Panama Canal, without being seriously affected in the habits of his every-day life and in his ability to save more. The American who loses what he never had fails, but the Frenchman who actually had what he loses doesn't fail, nor is he so torn with anguish but that he can go on with the process of laborious and thrifty accumulation which he is accustomed to, until he fills a new stocking. Much money has been saved in France since the last Panama bonds were sold. We shall see how much of it will be forth-coming when the new loan is offered to investors.

THE NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

SEVENTEEN States and two foreign nations sent representatives to the Third National Irrigation Congress, which met during the first week of September in Denver. This fact indicates the recognition and growing interest which the subjects discussed by that body are securing among topics considered of national importance. The questions of the reclamation of arid lands, of the distribution of inter-State waters, the impounding of surplus waters for subsequent distribution upon thirsty acres, the reservation of forests, and the systematizing of all laws, State and national, affecting these matters, now have the attention of the thoughtful in all States. The people, through the general government, are becoming jealous of the public lands, and are now husbanding the comparatively small surplus of arable lands remaining after the prodigal gifts and grants of the past twenty years.

In the congress just held there were many men of wide experience in the subjects brought forward for consideration, and the best thought of those who have devoted years of study to these questions was elicited in the debates had upon the resolutions submitted. True, there were developed wide and irreconcilable differences of opinion, especially upon the broad proposition of national aid *versus* State aid, but a distinct step in advance was gained by this congress in bringing these questions more prominently before the people of the United States by means of an address to the public, and in the adoption of a memorial to Congress upon the subject of accurate surveys of irrigable tracts.

This memorial, introduced by Judge **TORREY**, of Wyoming, calls the attention of Congress to legislation needed in behalf of home-seekers, who are now debarred from entering upon the possession of nearly two-fifths of the total area of our national domain because of the lack of sufficient rainfall to make it habitable. It represents that the work of the discovery and the distribution of the waters is too great and expensive to be most comprehensively undertaken by individuals, and it petitions that adequate appropriations be made for conducting an irrigation survey, in charge of competent irrigation engineers, of all such arid regions which may be brought under water. The memorial further urges that as such work progresses Congress shall enact such laws and repeal such old ones, if any, as may be necessary to meet the conditions found to exist as the result of such survey.

Looking towards this end, the resolutions adopted by the congress ask for the repeal of the desert-land act, that the lands may then be free for such disposition as the national government may subsequently decide. It was deemed unwise to ask for the withdrawal of all arid lands from settlement pending legislation, either State or national, relating to their reclamation. Mr. **GEORGE Q. CANNON**, of Utah, made the point that lands which were once thought utterly irreclaimable had been brought into full use by private enterprise. The object primarily to be sought is the reclamation of waste-lands, and the aid of government should be invoked without interfering during the time with private enterprise.

The members could not harmonize their differences upon the question of the ceding of public lands to States for the purpose of allowing each State an option to devise such plans as it might consider expedient to bring the lands under water, and this matter was referred to the State commissions for further investigation and deliberation.

Minor matters were considered in the resolutions pertaining to details subsequent to national aid. The important subject of inter-State and international control of streams was recommended to be submitted to a national and an international commission.

The practical side of irrigation was not entirely forgotten, though time could not be had for the presentation of all papers that were prepared by delegates upon subjects relating to the cultivation of lands and the methods of applying water. Papers were read by delegates who were interested in private enterprises that aim to reclaim many thousands of acres of arid land, among which is the Pecos Valley proposition in New Mexico, the greatest practicable irrigation scheme ever devised in America. An apparently inexhaustible supply of water from great springs issues from the banks and bed of the Pecos River for a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles. Massive dams and reservoirs have been constructed, which impound and preserve for wise distribution upon a vast expanse of gently sloping plains the one lacking essential element that transforms the barren wastes into fields of grain and fruit-bearing orchards. In Colorado are several enterprises of similar kind, though not established upon so gigantic a scale. California offers several more examples. In Utah the success of small enterprises is shown, thus demonstrating that enterprise in many forms of activity is doing grand work for the reclamation of arid lands.

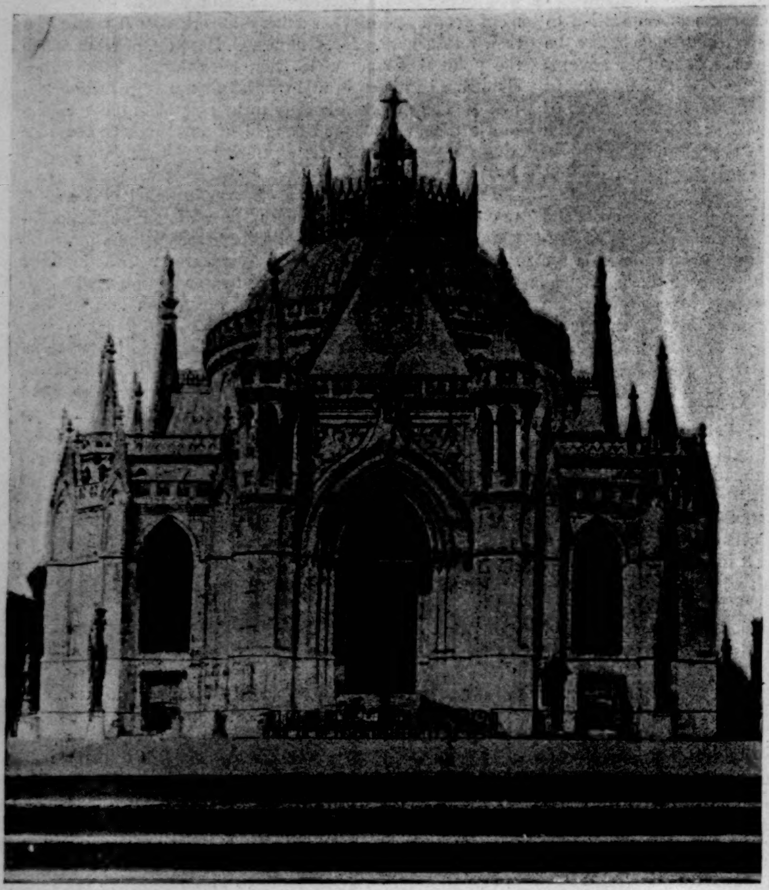
Drought-stricken Kansas and Nebraska are interested in practical irrigation problems; Georgia and Florida find that there are matters in the domain of this vast subject that appeal directly to their interests; and thus the question widens out until it assumes national importance.

A BRITISH ANTI-LYNCH LEAGUE.

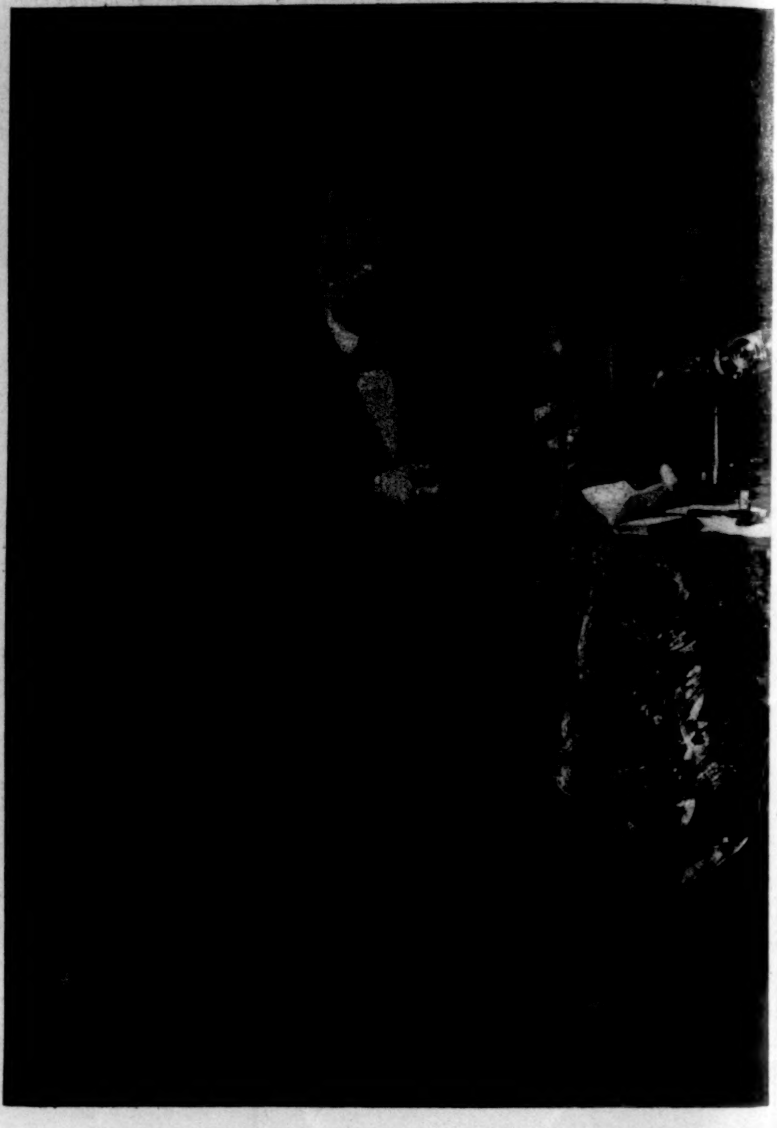
IT seems that American sympathy for down-trodden Ireland is reciprocated by British sympathy for the persecuted Southern negro. An Anti-Lynch League has been formed in England, the officers of which include the Duke of Argyll, the Archbishop of Canterbury, **JUSTIN McCARTHY**, Sir **JOHN LUBBOCK**, and others, with a Woman's Auxiliary Committee, of which Mrs. **HUMPHRY WARD** is president, and Lady **HENRY SOMERSET** and the Countess of Aberdeen are active members. Five thousand pounds has been raised by this league to be used in agitating against the murdering of Southern negroes, in which purpose the society expects to co-operate with a similar organization to be formed in America. Among the Americans whose aid has been successfully bespoken by the league are said to be **CARL SCHURZ**, **R. W. GILDER**, Archbishop **IRELAND**, Dr. **JOHN HALL**, Archbishop **JANNSENS** of St. Louis, and **BOURKE COCKRAN**, three of the Protestant Episcopal bishops of the South, and many others. Another auxiliary society, having the same purpose, is the Afro-American Anti-Lynch League, of which **T. THOMAS FORTUNE** and **FREDERICK DOUGLASS** are leaders.

It cannot be said that the benevolent efforts of our cousins to amend the penal methods of the South have been received with much cordiality in the region most concerned. The Governors of Georgia, Virginia, West Virginia, Arkansas, and North Carolina have been heard from on the subject, and are agreed that so far as the movement is British it is a piece of impertinent intermeddling, and can do no good. Governor **TILLMAN**, of South Carolina, alone gives a more courteous answer, and says that if the Englishmen come to his State they will be welcome, and shall have every opportunity to get at the facts.

The organization of these societies emphasizes what was fully realized before, that the lynching of negroes in the Southern States has become a very serious national reproach. It is true enough that not much can be done directly to check it except by the law-abiding element of the Southern people, which resists it already with energy and occasional success. But it is possible that rousing public opinion everywhere against the lynching of negroes may help to strengthen the hand of this element in the South, and stir them to greater exertions still to have all criminals, black and white, dealt with by legal processes. Aside from all considerations of justice or humanity, a reputation for lawlessness is exceedingly detrimental to the commercial interests of the South. That this aspect of the lynching epidemic is appreciated appears from the action taken by merchants and business men of Memphis in relation to the lynching of six negroes near Millington, Tennessee, on the 31st of August. On the 7th of September an indignation meeting was held at Memphis, at which the outrage was denounced, and a fund started for the relief of the families of the murdered men. Three men concerned in the lynching have been indicted and are in jail, and there is a good prospect that all the others implicated will be caught and tried. As soon as the punishment of lynchers really begins in the South, lynching will stop. The temper shown by the people of Memphis is most encouraging.



BURIAL-PLACE OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY AT DREUX, FRANCE.—[See Page 903.]



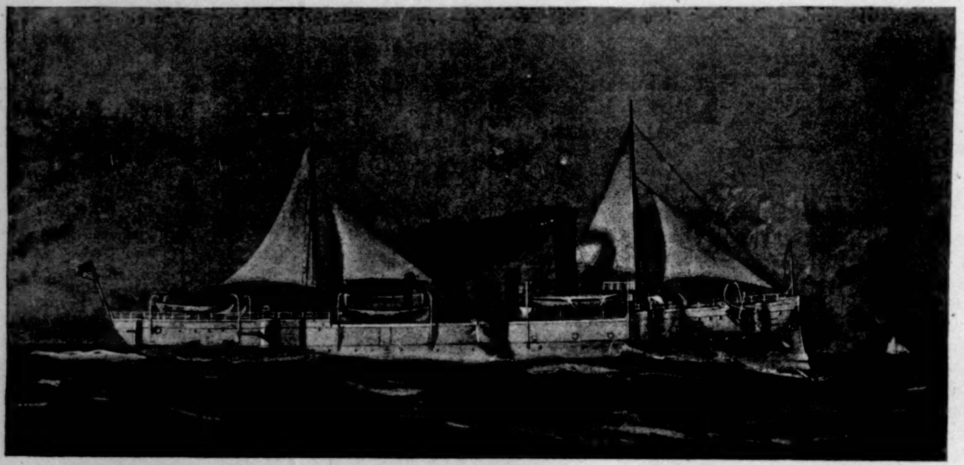
THE LATE PROFESSOR VON HELMHOLTZ.
From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus.—[See Page 898.]

PHOTOGRAPHING A BATTLE-SHIP.

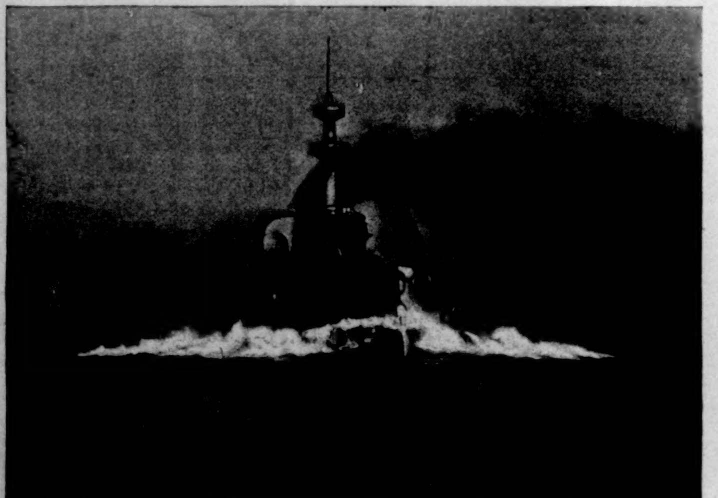
The snap-shot photographer has often demonstrated his effrontery. But it has remained for Mr. O. V. Lange, the photographer to the Union Iron-Works in San Francisco, to sight his "finder" and press the button in the face of what looked very like impending death. He was detailed, on the 22d of August, to attend the preliminary trial of the new battle-ship *Oregon*, and photograph her from all possible points of view that would seem to afford data for theories of wave resistance. Amongst others, a sight from right ahead was wanted, and it was agreed that the photographer's tug should steam across the *Oregon's* bows at a distance of about two hundred yards.

Now it may seem an easy thing to a landsman to calculate distances correctly under such conditions, but sailor-men know that it is not so easy as it looks, and Captain Jansen, of the tug *Rockaway*, found himself one hundred yards too near. The miscalculation was probably due, in part, to the failure of the captain of the *Oregon* to favor the tug quite enough. At all events, Mr. Lange, camera in hand, was suddenly aware of two great "feathers" of blue Pacific water, backed by the grim iron ram and top-hamper of a modern battle-ship, rushing upon him at a speed of some twenty miles an hour, and close aboard. Captain Jansen, too, saw the danger, and instinctively did the right thing—namely, rang four bells, and sent the tug ahead for her life. Then there entered into Mr. Lange's artistic soul a sort of photographic berserker's rage. In his own words, "There came a determination to get that picture if it was my last." So the plucky fellow sighted, clicked his shutter, and ran to the nearest stanchion just in time to feel the tug lifted and tossed aside by the great wave that surged away from the *Oregon's* bow. The result is shown in our illustration—perhaps the best that has ever been taken of a modern battle-ship, end on, at full speed. The tug crossed the danger-point by such narrow margin that her decks were flooded with foam, and the distance from the ship's side as she rushed past was not more than ten or twelve feet. The *Oregon* was launched on August 22d; she is the first battle-ship built on the Pacific slope, and is of the same class as the *Indiana* and her sister ship the *Massachusetts*.

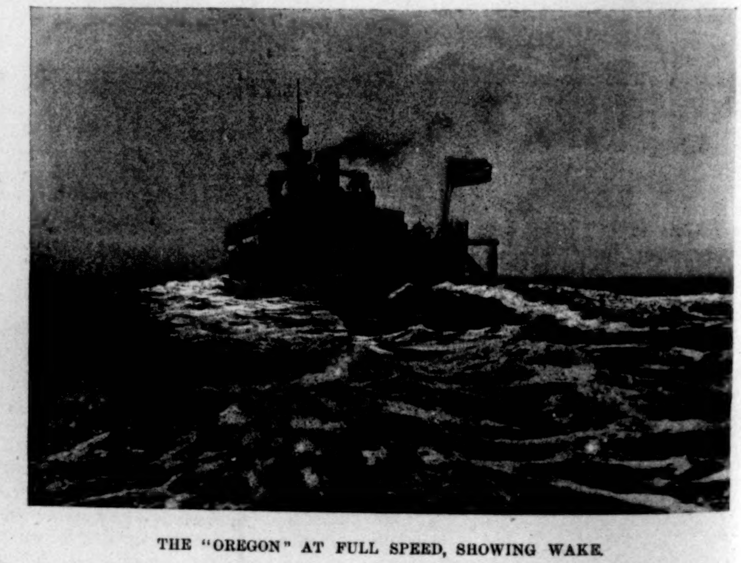
During this trial trip the *Oregon* was not forced to her utmost, for there was no attempt to gain a premium. But her registered horse-power exceeded by five hundred her guarantee. The water-line armor was not in place during this trial, but even allowing for this, the indications are that she will excel the speed mentioned in her contract, viz., fifteen knots. It is a satisfaction to know that of their class the battle-ships are the best in the world. They are as "manageable as little boats," says a naval expert, and the arrangement of the guns and the convenience of the interior plan have been acknowledged by the foreign press to be a great improvement on the ships of Europe. The straight-ahead fire and wide range of the guns in sponson and barbette make these vessels formidable at any angle.



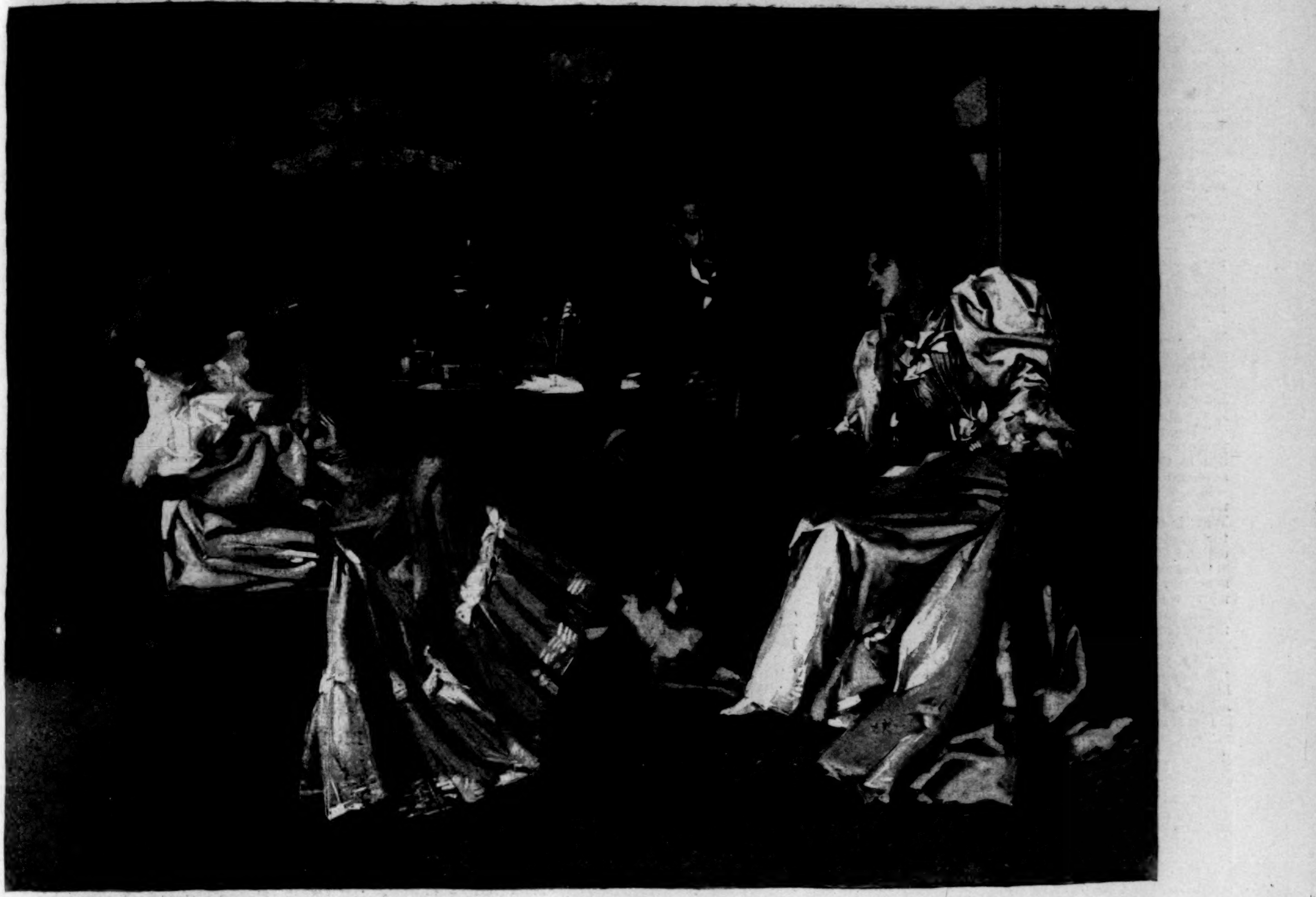
UNITED STATES GUNBOAT "MACHIAS," RECENTLY LENGTHENED 14 FEET.—[See Page 907.]



THE "OREGON" AT FULL SPEED, BOWS ON—DANGEROUS PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE "OREGON" AT FULL SPEED, SHOWING WAKE.



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

FERMENT.

VERY few days went by before he rang Mrs. Wyndwood's bell. The mental image of Eleanor sitting to Herbert was the motor that drove him to see her again. He had not seen his volatile cousin since they had dined together at the Limners'. Herbert Strang's curious facility for taking up and dropping people had persisted unchanged. But the couple were destined to meet now, for victorias and hansoms hovered outside Mrs. Wyndwood's house, and Matthew Strang found that he had stumbled upon a formal "At Home," at which Herbert was fetching and carrying strawberry ices to perspiring beauty. The popular painter noted with a novel thrill of alarm the boyish good looks of his friend, whose spruce smiling figure was so visibly the cynosure of feminine eyes. Happily for his peace of mind, Eleanor was too busy welcoming her miscellaneous visitors to allot much attention to Herbert, who seemed, indeed, amply content with engaging the interest of half a dozen fair women, not counting an occasional interlude of Miss Regan. Matthew Strang slowly ploughed his way to the hostess, a cool-looking angel in white, through the block of bonnetted ladies, amid which an occasional man stood out unpicturesque.

"You seem surprised to see me," he said, in low tones, into which he infused an intimate note.

"Yes, indeed," said Eleanor, with a little frank laugh. "How did you know it was my day?"

He smiled mysteriously, wondering the while if she could hear his heart beat above the feminine babble.

"You ought not to have come," pursued Eleanor, with a little pout that made her face adorable. "We pay you the compliment of not asking you to our tea-fights, and this is how you appreciate it."

"Forgive me," he said, intoxicatingly flattered. "I do appreciate it. I didn't know. I came for a cup of tea, with no idea of fighting for it."

"Then let me give it you. Do you take sugar?"

And she handed him the cup, which he took with a hand that trembled. Then a press of fresh people cut him off from her, and she made no effort to keep him by her side. Gloom invaded his breast again. He had to speak to some of the crowd, and he did his duty with ill grace. He feared it would be too presumptuous to outstay the intrusive crew, so he resolved to escape as soon as possible. But Herbert captured him with a hearty hand-shake, and introduced him—with a certain proprietary pride—to his bevy of dames, and he was perforce added to the applausive circle, in the centre of which Herbert quizzed the rest of the company and the universe at large.

"Isn't that Lily O'Reilly talking with Mrs. Wyndwood?" he said, catching her passing eye.

"Sure and it is that," answered Olive, permitting the eyes an unwonted roguish twinkle. "She is talking about her new novel."

"Wonderful woman," soliloquized Herbert, for the benefit of his galaxy. "She is more read by the superfine critics than any other lady novelist in London."

"Oh, Mr. Strang!" protested Lady William Dallox, a petite, elegant creature with an air of having stepped off a decorative panel. "Why, the critics all slate her awfully!"

"I know. But that's her revenge—to threaten her reviewers with libel actions, so that they have to read her to see if she deserved their slatings."

"You're a saucy cynic, sir," said Olive, laughingly.

"What is a cynic?" airily retorted Herbert. "An accurate observer of life."

"Beyond that definition cynicism cannot go," said Olive, ceasing to smile.

"What a pity!" said Herbert. "At any rate, it is true, as far as it goes. To call Miss O'Reilly's hair chameleon-colored would be considered cynical. Yet it is but accurate observation. The inaccurate observer of life would call it auburn, not seeing that it is only auburn *pro tem.*, and that it goes through as many editions as her books. Similarly, to call her complexion hand-painted—"

"Would be rudeness," interrupted Olive, more severely, "especially as I heard her asking Mrs. Wyndwood to introduce to her the young man who looked so much like the hero of a novel."

"Ah, that puts another complexion on the matter," said Herbert, lightly. Under cover of the confusion of feminine compliment that greeted the quick sally, Matthew Strang slipped away, leaden-hearted, from the sight of the smiles and the sound of the laughter. Even had he been free, what chance would he have had pitted against his brilliant cousin? He knew himself a silent man, scarcely speaking, unless abnormally moved, much less scintillating. He had only one talent—one poor talent for expressing the beautiful to one sense—and this one talent he had prostituted. Everything grew black to his morbid mood—the dying afternoon, cool, sun-glinted, had no beauty for him; the speckless grooms outside the door irritated him; the shining carriages dashing along the great arteries of the West End, bearing their lolling occupants to dress and dinner, stirred him to something of the same revolt that he had felt when he had walked the metropolis of wealth and fashion in broken boots. After all, he had never really entered this circle of pleasure; it had always been a fairy ring he could not step into. Beautiful as his boots were externally, there had always been a nail, a pebble, inside—that adverse atom which, according to the philosopher, suffices to destroy happiness. His had always been a life of labor, of misery. He was still of the down-trodden classes, of those whom Fate, if not Man, grinds down, whose life slips by in a vain yearning for the sun, who see happiness as a phantasm that is only solid for others, and love as the mocking mirage of a beauty that is far away. He was angry—so unreasonably angry that the unreason seemed a reason for fresh anger with himself. And he was angry not only with himself, but with Herbert, with the world, ay, with Eleanor Wyndwood and her idle hare-brained visitors reeking of the toilet table.

The thought of his mother came up from dim recesses of memory—still babbling in the asylum that was her haven of refuge after a life of storm and stress and sorrow and weary watchings for a vagrant mate—and he was jealous of Eleanor for her sake: jealous of her beauty, her breeding, her wealth, her fine dresses, her carriage, her fashionable visitors; jealous of all that made her different from his mother; of all that made her life fuller, freer, higher, richer; of all, in fine, that made him love her. Ah, God, how he loved her! He could scarcely keep back the hysteric sobs that swelled at his throat. But they had always been shut out from the sunshine—his mother and he. Happiness—oh, to clasp it, to hold it tight! Nothing counted except happiness, ambition, success, art, money, alike vain gauds, shadows. He walked past his turning, and far beyond. Lights began to twinkle in the great tired city; the summer evening brooded, fresh and cool, over the vast stretches of dusty stone; when at last he reached his studio the sun had set. He saw the pale rose glow, mystically tender, at the end of the long suburban avenue of green trees and yellow street lamps; it spoke to him of peace and rest and resignation, and some secret beauty behind all.

Not many days later his restless feet took him again to the Mayfair house. He would speak out—at some opportunity which the shrewd, kindly Olive would not fail to afford him—he would tell Eleanor all she meant to him, how she was becoming the pivot of his thought; how she, and she alone, might inspire his art to higher purpose. He would not ask for love, only for a noble friendship; he needed an understanding soul to sympathize with his inmost self, his aspirations, his agonies. He had always been hedged in by thick barriers of ice, through which no human soul had ever pierced. No one knew what tinder for divine fires lay awaiting the spark within, nor how cold and lonely he felt in his glacial isolation.

But at first his visit threatened to be even more disappointing than the last. Another man was taking tea; or, rather, eating nougat, with Mrs. Wyndwood and Miss Regan—young and fascinating of feature, but with a fatal air of the minor poet. And a poet, indeed, he proved to be; a poet of considerable pretensions, who might win the bays if only he could get over his unfortunate appearance, which seemed to tie him down to sugared prettinesses and elegant *concetti*. Matthew Strang had read one of his dainty gilt-edged volumes, wherein dapper lyrics posed in the centre of broad-margined pages, and he wondered resentfully why Mrs. Wyndwood did not lecture him into spirituality, instead of feeding him with nougat, which his poetry already resembled. But though Harold Lavender was accommodating enough to go soon, Matthew Strang profited little by his retirement from the field, for Eleanor seemed to be in a freakish mood, as if the contagion of Olive had infected her, or the nougat had made her terrestrial, and she played a lively second to her vivacious friend in recapitulating the charms of their dog Roy, a slumberous Scotch collie that he had barely noted before, but which now became the climax of creation.

"We've only hired him," Mrs. Wyndwood explained. "Lady Arthur, to whom the house belongs, asked us to take charge of him—so he's in the inventory. His father was a pedigree dog, and won five hundred guineas."

"Yes, her ladyship had him catalogued completely, lest we should lose a bit of him," said Olive, rolling the animal over, and digging her finger affectionately into his fur, and pulling his ears and his paws and his tail to illustrate her recital of his perfections. "Brown and white coat—the brown of an autumn filbert; with a collar and shirt front of white fur over skin as pink as rose-buds—look at it; black gums and palate, with the whitest of teeth—canines, I believe; a tail of russet, black, and white that waves like a palm-tree, observe the little black ring—we identified him once by it, though we had never noticed it before—had we, my beauty?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

Mrs. Wyndwood took up the ball. "He was lost, stolen, or strayed, and information was lodged at a police station that a collie with a black ring round his tail had been found. We said ours had no such ring—"

"The inaccurate observation of life, you see, Mrs. Strang," broke in Olive, "which, according to your cousin, delivers one from cynicism."

"But cynicism has something to do with dogs, hasn't it?" observed Mrs. Wyndwood, smilingly.

"Yes," said Olive. "We must get Mr. Strang to define cynicism as the accurate observation of dogs. Don't forget to tell him, Nor, when you sit to him to-morrow."

Matthew Strang moved uncomfortably on his seat, raging inwardly, and scarcely knowing whether he was more jealous of Herbert or of Roy.

"Well, the superintendent must have been a cynic," Mrs. Wyndwood went on, "for he recommended us to go and look at the dog all the same. It was a wild expedition; nearly eleven o'clock at night; we routed out a nest of costers who lived over a stable and were invaded by means of a ladder. I felt like a robber Viking, all heart-beat and adventure, it was glorious."

"Yes, and Roy came bounding out and nearly toppled you over. And all the little costers came crowding out of bed in their night-dresses, and you gave Mrs. Coster a sovereign for them in mistake for a shilling."

Mrs. Wyndwood went into a fit of mirth over the recollection. For once her melodious laugh grated upon his ears. What in the world was there to laugh about? It seemed all the most puerile nonsense. He could have cried more easily.

"Remark his lively air," said Olive. "His intuitive sympathy is wonderful. He is sad when you weep and merry when you frivol."

The painter merely heard the dog panting like an impatient steam-engine.

"He wants a run, I think," he observed, ungraciously.

"Ay, you should see him run," cried Mrs. Wyndwood. "It makes one feel young again to see him scampering up hill and down dale. Even a mud-hill delights him; it reminds him of his native moors—doesn't it, Roy dear?"

Roy stared at her with large unblinking eyes.

"But we are not dressed well enough to go out with him now," said Olive. "I told you what a snob he was, Mr. Strang. Shake paws with the gentleman, dear. He's smart enough even for your tastes. See how he likes you, Mr. Strang! If he didn't, the skin over his dear old nose would snarl up into gathers and puckers and frills. There! That's his favorite attitude—on his hind legs with his fore paws placably on a beloved lap. Now he is happy. How simple life is for him! Lucky dog!"

"Ay, you forget that he, too, has his ideal, his unachieved aspiration," said Mrs. Wyndwood. "The disappointment of his life is that he can't catch birds. He snaps at everything that soars in air—even insects; it exasperates him to find things hovering mockingly overhead in defiance of gravity. He sits on his haunches and wails over the emptiness of life."

Matthew Strang gave Roy a kindlier pat. But the creature was still stretched on the tapis of conversation, and Olive proceeded to a whimsical account of the partition of Roy between Eleanor and herself as joint housekeepers. Since they could not bisect the collie, he belonged to each on alternate days, so that if he were lost again the onus would rest on the mistress for the day.

By this time the painter could hardly refrain from kicking the dog, and when Mrs. Wyndwood added that Roy was only eighteen months old, he rose to go.

Mrs. Wyndwood's expression changed. "You're not running away yet?" she said.

"I must," he murmured, his ill humor abating under the sweet seriousness of her face.

"Why, you haven't talked to us at all; we want to hear more about technique."

"Technique can't be talked," he said, still surly.

"We haven't any materials for practical demonstrations," said Olive—"not even a blackboard."

"I should love to be an artist," cried Mrs. Wyndwood. "To feel beauty growing under one's hands. What a sense of creative divinity! I never sit to an artist without thinking what a privilege he— Now what *are* you laughing at, Olive?"

"Nothing, except your subtle way of complimenting yourself on your good looks. Now if Mr. Strang will be good and waste a little more valuable time on two foolish women, I will pay him a compliment."

He sat down, his curiosity stimulated, and Olive, producing a box of Turkish cigarettes, asked if he objected to her smoking. Permission being obtained, she got him to apply a light to her cigarette, and then bade him smoke one himself. He was relieved to find Mrs. Wyndwood an abstainer.

"There!" said Olive, puffing out a thin cloud; "that is the highest compliment I can pay a man—to expose myself in all my horror. I smoke neither for toothache nor neuralgia, but for sheer viciousness. See the result of our visit to Podnieff! Nor picked up ideals; and I, smoke. Perhaps they are the same thing in the long-run."

Matthew Strang dissented vehemently. "Ideals are the only realities."

"Nonsense; they are the only things that change," retorted Miss Regan. "The ideal woman of to-morrow will smoke shag and bird's-eye."

Eleanor Wyndwood came to his assistance, and together they did battle with Olive, who took up the most perverse philistine positions and fought as if for life, eluding, shuffling, dodging, equivocating, turning, twisting, doubling upon herself with the most daring defiance of consistency and the most bizarre flashes of wit and argument. She would snatch a victory by specious logic that could only hold for a moment, and stand in as serenely mocking triumph upon a crumbling sand heap as if she knew herself upon a rock, and was not about to bound off to the next sand heap the instant the tide of reason swept this one hopelessly away. The painter found a celestial knitting of soul in this fighting side by side with Eleanor; he did not blench even when she quoted a quatrain from Harold Lavender to enforce her point. But the shades of earth returned when she referred to Herbert Strang:

"Here is an example of a man who has absolutely nothing to gain from Art—who doesn't need it, who has means—to whose sceptical spirit the applause of the world is indifferent. And yet, the other morning, when the sunshine called one to the joys of the *dolce far niente*, he sat for hours toiling painfully at his Art, and fretting because he had allowed his right hand to lose its cunning. He had neglected the Ideal, but now his soul thirsts for it again, and the Ideal is avenged."

Matthew Strang felt a malicious satisfaction in the thought that Herbert was not getting on very well with the portrait. He had a sudden curiosity to see it.

"You are really too simple, Nor," said Olive, plaintively. "Can't you see the man's only trying to spread out the sittings so as to have you come there? I dare say he can paint as well as the present Mr. Strang."

Eleanor flushed hotly. "Oh, there's no deception about his limitations. I am almost sorry I consented."

Matthew Strang's heart leaped exultant. "He did let his gifts rust," he said, magnanimously. "But I dare say his old talent will come back after a little practice. He had a fine color sense in the old days."

His magnanimity seemed to please both ladies, and the discussion wound up suddenly in a congruity as unexpected as any of Olive's arguments.

"You were great chums then, weren't you?" the young lady asked.

"Yes; he was my cicerone in artistic society. I might almost say in civilized society. I owe him a good deal." He had no shame in hinting at his humble origin to these two unconventional gentlewomen.

"Where is his studio?" he asked.

They told him; but Miss Regan seemed to be suddenly uneasy. A little clock on the mantel-piece struck six silvery notes. He thought his hostesses might want to dress elaborately for some dinner party or the theatre, so he tore himself away, and jumping into a hansom, drove, on the impulse of the moment, to Herbert's studio.

Olive sighed wearily, and leaned her head upon her elbows, which were planted on the tea table. Eleanor stooped and kissed her

"Lie down, dear, till dinner. The heat has been too much for you. You look tired to death."

"Heigho! I wish I was really. What's the use of living, Nor, darling?"

"Oh, life is so beautiful!" exclaimed Eleanor, with shining eyes. "Think of Art; think of Nature! Cheer up, Olive. The horrid season will soon be over, and then, hey for Devonshire!"

"And the Creamery," added the girl, in hollow accents. "But let's get away at once, dear."

"We must stay for a few things yet—we promised," Mrs. Wyndwood reminded her, sweetly. "There's the dance at Lady Surbiton's, and the reception of—"

Olive interrupted her with a burst of laughter that sounded hysterical to her friend's anxious ears. "Oh, it's a mad, bad world! But there are Lady Surbiton's tea gowns."

"Do lie down, dear."

"Why aren't there convents for unbelievers, Nor? It's an oversight. I'd get me into a nunnery, but I should be suspected of piety. The hospitals are overrun; they are as impossible as Ramsgate, and your nurse is suspected of being a heroine. When will people understand that altruism is a passion, and that nobody wants to be patted on the back for gratifying instinct? When I did that month's hard work in the Dublin Hospital—but that was before I knew you, dear—half my family thought me mad, and the other half a saint. But I was only incapable, Nor, dearest. I couldn't dress ugly wounds as if I wasn't feeling the pain of them. No, I'm a failure. There's nothing for it save suicide."

"Or marriage," said Mrs. Wyndwood, softly, laying her cheek to her friend's.

Olive moved her head away, shuddering violently. "I'd breed dogs rather." She rose to her feet and stretched her arms. "They are happy; aren't you, Roy?" She leant down and pulled the collie's jaws apart. "Eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating. Why didn't evolution stop with you, instead of going further and faring worse? But still, there are those birds, Roy. And on our side there's Art and there's Nature, Eleanor Wyndwood says. Which Art is it going to be, by-the-way, Eleanor Wyndwood? Poetry or Painting? But it's two to one on painting."

"You're feverish, darling," said Eleanor, in concern. "Don't talk at random."

"I'm talking straight, dear. Two Strangs to one Lavender. And what has become of Spirit, dearest? That used to come before Art and Nature."

"And who says it doesn't still?" Eleanor answered, deprecatingly. Then, with a passionate cry that set her beautiful bosom heaving: "My God, Olive! why do you misjudge me? Can't you understand earnest seeking?" Tears came into her eyes and trickled down her face.

Olive kissed them away. "I'm a brute, Eleanor. The heat's too much for both of us. Good-night."

"Going to lie down, dearest?"

"No; going to bed."

Matthew Strang had rung several times before he could gain admittance to his cousin's studio. Herbert appeared in his shirt sleeves, grinning and yawning.

"Tit for tat," he said. "But I'm awfully glad you came, old man. I was just dreaming of you. By Jove! isn't it hot?"

When Herbert said "old man," in his caressing voice, Matthew became as clay in the hands of the potter. It seemed so good to have the friendship of this sunny being. He answered affectionately that it *was* hot.

"You haven't seen this den before?" said Herbert. "Not so swell as yours. But then I'm hard up."

Matthew smiled incredulously, for the studio was charming.

"You're doing a portrait of Mrs. Wyndwood, I hear."

"Who told you?"

"I was there this afternoon."

"Yes? Did you see her friend, Miss Regan?"

"Yes; she is always there."

"I know. Isn't she a jolly little girl?"

"She's very odd," said Matthew.

"Odd? You philistine! She's the most amusing girl in London. And so unaffected. You can say anything to her—talk about anything. No beastly prudishness. That's what I like in a woman. The other day she was complaining gravely that a woman couldn't be a burglar because it would land her in compromising situations. Therefore there never could be thorough equality of the sexes, she maintained. Wasn't it quaint? She sits here smoking cigarettes while I paint that saintly friend of hers, and all the while rattles on in the most delightful fashion. What a flow of spirits! and, by Jove! the clever biting things she says make your hair curl. I'm not in it with her, though I try hard. I draw her out to talk about her relations; it's better than Thackeray. She's no end of a swell, you know."

"I know."

"And disgustingly rich. In short, she'd be intolerable if she weren't herself. What an enviable lot! All the B's—Beauty, Blue Blood, and Brilliancy. No wonder she's light-hearted. They say she had an eccentric dad, which accounts for her—a man who wasted one of his fortunes on socialistic experiments. But she knows better than that. Eccentricity in the parent is epigram in the child."

"Which is an epigram," said Matthew, laughing, and considerably relieved by this outburst on his cousin's pa

"But *your* parents were not eccentric?"

"Indeed? Don't you see any eccentricity in the po old governor's trying to make an artist out of me?"

"Where *is* that portrait?" asked Matthew, amused.

"Here it is, you duffer, staring you in the face on the easel all the time. Don't say you didn't recognize it. Please don't."

"Now that I know who it is," began Matthew, laughing.

"It *is* ghastly, old man, isn't it? But that girl distracts me with her talk."

"What made you attempt it?" began Matthew, candidly.

"I wanted to hear her talk."

"Who?"

"Miss Regan."

Matthew felt a great wave of affection for his cousin.

"But why don't you paint her?"

"She wouldn't sit. I had to ask her friend, knowing she'd accompany her; but I'm half sorry I undertook it now."

"You're certainly not doing her justice!"

There was still plenty of light. He took up the brush, and within a quarter of an hour Mrs. Wyndwood's sweetly spiritual face gleamed unmistakably upon the canvas. Herbert watched with admiration those sure swift strokes behind which lay so arduous a training, so irrepressible an instinct.

"You seem to have her face by heart," he said at last, with a suspicious twinkle. "But don't let me interrupt you." And lighting a cigarette, he threw himself on a lounge in an attitude that curiously recalled old times to the painter.

Matthew Strang painted on lovingly till he could no longer see his palette, then Herbert took him to his new club—the Epicurean—and gave him a delightful dinner for his pains, and over the Kümmel and the coffee borrowed a hundred pounds from him so as not to sell out a stock that was depreciated for the moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHT BATTERIES IN THE ARMY AND NATIONAL GUARD.

In the army of the United States there are at present five regiments of artillery, composed in the aggregate of sixty batteries—ten of so-called heavy artillery and two of light artillery in each regiment. For years the heavy artillery has been heavy artillery in name only. Armed and equipped as infantry, it garrisons obsolete sea-coast fortifications mounted by guns long since useless for any defensive purposes.

The light artillery is more fortunate in that its batteries are armed with modern guns and appliances, although here, as in every other arm of the regular service, the number and strength of these batteries, as authorized by law, are insufficient for the possible needs of a country of over sixty millions of people in case of war, or even in the event of domestic violence and insurrection. There are but ten 4-gun batteries—or only forty guns over the whole length and breadth of the land—actually horsed, manned, and equipped for service. As the proportion of light artillery in an army is from three to four guns per thousand men, it will be seen that even with the diminutive force of 25,000 enlisted men that composes the regular army, the number of guns scarcely comes up to one-half the necessary complement.

There is probably a popular idea that the militia of some of the States can be counted upon to furnish efficient light artillery in an emergency. In a previous article I have endeavored to show what an excellent infantry force from the militia can be depended upon as a reserve and support to the regular army in case of war, but it takes time, experience, much study, and constant drilling to make a good light battery—one ready to take the field at once and operate against an active enemy.

A 4-gun light battery—maintained on a footing for instruction only—requires sixty-five horses, exclusive of the officers' chargers. Any one who has seen the ordinary every-day drill of the regular light batteries must have observed the great skill of the drivers, the thorough training of the horses, their docility and fearlessness, their quiet behavior under fire, and the absolute order and precision of the movements of the various portions of the battery at the walk, the trot, and the gallop. Nothing but constant, wise, and intelligent training at experienced hands can accomplish this result. The practice, in the National Guard, of hiring and using untrained horses—so-called "green" in the sense of their being unaccustomed to their surroundings—whenever ordered out for mounted exercise, handicaps and greatly obstructs the efficiency of the arm for practical purposes, no matter how intelligent and painstaking officers and men may be, as the time that can be devoted to this sort of work by the average militia artilleryman is in most cases very limited.

Rapid movements, most essential to practical use of light artillery, are exceedingly difficult of execution, even on the flat smooth surface of the drill-ground, except by constant practice of both men and horses, and, while great skill may be acquired in the actual manual handling of the guns at the drills in the armories, the special practical knowledge as to the manœuvring of a battery in the field is, from the very nature of the thing, almost unattainable to those who can give but a very limited portion of their time to the acquirement of the experience. It is not the object here to suggest any particular model or kind of gun—some machine-gun batteries, Gatlings principally, are in use in the National Guard—but there are light rapid-fire guns, requiring but two or three horses each to drag them, most formidable weapons of offence and defence in any service militia will ever probably be called upon to perform, the substitution of which in the place of field-pieces now generally used would, I think, materially reduce many of the difficulties that now stand in the way of progression of the National Guard artilleryman. In close fighting in the streets of a city, field artillery is always more or less at a disadvantage; a few well-posted men with rifles in their hands could seriously interfere with and possibly cripple a battery by simply shooting the horses. The comparative ease with which light rapid-fire guns could be manœuvred in the streets of a city, as compared with the field-guns, seems to me to be obvious.

Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

GOVERNOR HENRY B. CLEAVES.

Henry B. Cleaves was elected Governor of Maine for the second time on Monday, September 10th. In 1892 his plurality was a little more than 12,500; this year it is about 40,000. The result is not wholly due to the popularity of the Republican candidate, which is very great, but to the political conditions of the country. That this is a "Republican year" has been asserted more than once by members of that party, and has been admitted by their opponents, and now Maine has followed Vermont in making the assertion true. Governor Cleaves is one of the most popular men in Maine. He is a brother of the late Judge Nathan Cleaves, who was himself a man greatly beloved in the Portland Congressional district; he was a Democrat, and in 1884 was the candidate for Congress against Mr. Thomas B. Reed, and seriously threatened that redoubtable Republican chieftain. The two brothers were the closest of friends, partners in the practice of law, bachelors, living together at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland during the winter, and spending their summers on Chebeague Island, where they owned property. After the fashion of small cities, Mr. Cleaves is a club-man, having once been president of the Portland Club, which is known of all men who have visited the delightful metropolis of Maine. He was born at Bridgeton, Maine, in 1840, and is therefore fifty-four years old. His father was a man of some prominence in the community, having once served in the Legislature. He was a farmer, and his son worked in summer to secure the money necessary to pay for his schooling during the winter. His early education was acquired at the local academy, and in 1862 he enlisted in the Twenty-third Maine Volunteers, and served three years. He participated in several important engagements, and rose to be a First Lieutenant. After the war was over he was offered a second lieutenancy in the regular army, but preferred civil life. When he returned to Bridgeton he became a sash and blind maker in a factory. He began to study law in 1868, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Bath. After practising there for about a year he and his brother went to Portland, where he has lived ever since, his brother becoming the Surveyor of the Port, and dying there in 1892, while Henry was candidate for Governor the first time. His active political life began in 1876, when he was elected a member of the Legislature. In 1877 he was elected City Solicitor of Portland, and in 1880 Attorney-General of the State, and served until 1885. His professional reputation extends beyond the borders of the State, and he is known almost as widely as an old soldier and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. His philanthropy is also proverbial, and it is said that he never charged an old soldier a dollar for legal services.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MIDSUMMER HIGH JINKS.

The Bohemian Club was founded nearly a quarter of a century ago by a handful of writers, artists, actors, musicians, and dreamers of dreams, professional and dilettanti.

According to the constitution, it was instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, the drama, and also those who by reason of their love or appreciation of these objects may be deemed eligible. At the present time, by a not too illiberal construction of the constitution, the membership of the club has grown to six or seven hundred, which includes active, honorary, and army and navy members.

Thus from a very humble beginning the club has grown and prospered. It is now housed, with its lares and penates, its scores of paintings—many from the Salon—its unique club library of seven thousand five hundred volumes, Red Room, marbles, bronzes, tapestries, and curios, in a large and handsome four-storied building in the heart of San Francisco, paying with unbohemian promptitude a rental of over $10,000 a year, with property and assets considerably over $100,000 and with all the belongings of a well-regulated club. Think, O shade of Henri Murger! of a bohemian club run by Bohemians whose motto is, "Weaving Spiders Come Not Here," discounting its own bills, and yet keeping alive the sacred fire on its altars. Resident millionaires have been blackballed, while young fellows fresh from the Beaux-Arts or Conservatoire, with scant handful of sous left, plus a lot of talent, havé been welcomed with brotherly grasp of hand.

This delightful atmosphere, this abhorrence of philistinism, this pricking of sham and pretence, is one of its charms; and if Dives happens to be a good fellow—and he is oftener than is generally supposed—he is allowed to sit at the feast beside the artistic or scholastic Lazarus.

There is not a capital in the world—hardly a country in the world—where the Bohemian Club is not favorably known; it has been much talked about, much written about, and in many languages. That jolly old cosmopolitan and diner-out, George Augustus Sala, loves to speak of a dinner of a hundred covers given him by the club as one of the most delightfully extraordinary in his experience. A delegation from below the salt, envious of the club dignitaries—platform statuary, so-called—at the head of the table, captured Sala, or, rather, borrowed him with courteous and charming unconventionality *in medias res*, escorted him to a seat at the foot of the table, where the fun was so infectious that he found himself, in less than five minutes, singing one of his own Bacchic songs. He adds, he was returned, in fairly good condition, to his original place in time for the formal healths, etc. Sir Edwin Arnold, Henry Irving, Salvini, Rudyard Kipling, and dozens of others, bear testimony to the charming originality, *camaraderie*, and absence of buckram at the Bohemian Club.

Very early in its history the formal gatherings for intellectual diversion, which occur bimonthly, took on the name of "High Jinks," no doubt suggested by the Saturday night amusements of the Edinburgh lawyers which Scott describes in *Guy Mannering*. The "Low Jinks" which follows—a light supper usually intervening—is much gayer in tone, and more or less impromptu. The presiding officer of each Jinks is called the Sire. There are two great events in the club year—the Christmas Jinks, with its chimes, Christmas tree, Santa Claus, noël, music, and decorations; and the Midsummer Jinks—the latter held in July or August, amid the stately and beautiful redwood forests of the Russian River, sixty miles from the city. A fast special train conveys the members and their guests through the lovely Sonoma Valley to this grand sylvan temple by the beautiful winding river. Here Mother Nature is prodigal and at her best. Many of the trees are twelve and fourteen feet in diameter, and their symmetrical and fragrant shafts pierce the air hundreds of feet. Nestled among them are natural glades and almost perfect amphitheatres, while here and there a sweet-smelling laurel (*Umbellularia californica*) bends gracefully over, at a height of fifty or sixty feet, forming with its delicate tracery of foliage a natural proscenium arch.

Many varieties of ferns grow in profusion all over the woods, and are gathered in large quantities (they never seem to diminish) for decorative purposes and to carpet the spaces between the moss-covered logs that form the loges, orchestra, and dress-circle of this *al fresco* theatre. Withal you have perfect weather and moonlight galore, for it never rains in July or August. Myriads of fantastic Japanese lanterns help out the moon. The creature comforts are well attended to; the gayly decorated tents are comfortable; the cuisine being under the charge of the club *chef*. Of the many Midsummer Jinks that stand out in relief and linger in the memory of the beholder but a few will be mentioned. One recalls the *As You Like It* High Jinks—scenes from the Master's lovely pastoral. This was done in the Russian River forest of Arden, elaborate attention being given to the details of costume and music, many years before Lady Colin Campbell thought of her open-air London presentation. Portions of *Der Freischütz*, the witches' scene in *Macbeth*, with the original music by Edgar S. Kelley (its first performance), *Faust*, *The Druids* (with electric dynamos furnishing one thousand lights in the trees), and the elaborate Buddha Jinks are all remembered. Several months were spent in preparation for the last, which included a replica in plaster of the famous Daibutz Buddha, sixty odd feet in height, made under the direction of a sculptor member of the club, and unveiled under a fire of calcium lights, with impressive ceremony—poems, chants, music. The illustrations depict scenes at the recent Midsummer Jinks, August 28th. Gypsies—the children of George Borrow—were the theme and *motif* of pen and brush of the Bohemians.

Seated on logs covered with moss, or reclining on a carpet of ferns, the audience filled the almost circular grove and waited developments. They faced a hill-side wooded with sequoia and bay, which was in darkness. Sunk below the front of a stage which looked like a portion of the hill, connected with the rising ground by an inclined rustic bridge placed there for effect, was an orchestra. Presently the leader raised his baton, and simultaneously a little speck of firelight appeared high upon a shelf of the hill. It grew until it made a blaze, in the light of which a gypsy figure was seen moving around it. Another fire, a little lower down, shone out in the same way; a colored light from a lantern became visible; more fires and colored lights appeared, until the fronts of picturesque gypsy tents in brown and red were seen in clear relief. Then suddenly the powerful electric and calcium lights lit up the whole scene, brought out every twig and leaf, and disclosed a picture of exquisite beauty. In this scene were grouped about thirty gypsies of all descriptions—Hungarian, Spanish, English, and even some ancient Egyptian types. It was an animated chapter out of *Lavengro*. At the entrance of the principal tent there appeared the figure of the Sire, the Romany Kral, in a picturesque gypsy dress. He stood a moment there, then walked slowly down to a rustic stand, where he addressed the assembled Bohemians. He was high above them, and a long way from them, but the acoustics of the place were so perfect that not a syllable was lost as he indicted civilization and upheld the gypsy simplicity and love of nature. Having welcomed them to the Romany camp, there followed a programme of music, vocal and instrumental, with a poem written by a member of the club, an address by another; a bolero, the dancer being a young gentleman made up as a bewitching Zingara, was one of the features.

The changing lights made the picture still more attractive as the Jinks went on. At last the Sire approached an old gypsy woman who had all the time maintained a position beside a little fire over which hung a pot supported by a tripod. He asked her what fortune she read for the gypsy race. Her answer, in blank verse, described Bohemia, and at a given cue that word was flashed out in letters of fire behind the audience; the hill-side was lit up with a blaze of green fire, producing an effect of indescribable beauty, the utmost ideal of fairyland. At the same moment, far up the grove, a military band was heard playing Chopin's dirge, and while the gorgeous picture was still holding all eyes, a procession marched through the woods which was a remarkable contrast. The band was at its head playing the dirge; behind it a sombre catafalque, on which rested a draped coffin borne by eight men in white robes, and supposed to contain the body of Care; behind that came a long line of choristers in white, all carrying torches; and the High Priest of Bohemia, in picturesque robes, came last, with the gypsy chief, the Sire of the evening. Around these were red devils and gnomes in fantastic masks, bearing blue-lights, and moving to and fro incessantly. Then came the members and guests of the club, making a long procession wonderfully weird under those giant trees lit up with red-fire. Over in a little hollow, a few hundred yards from the grove, was built a funeral pyre, on which turpentine had been sprinkled. The coffin was laid on this pyre; the High Priest took his stand on a platform beside it; around him in semicircle the choristers and demons with their torches were grouped. The High Priest went through a ceremonial in which the choir behind him intoned or sang the words he spoke. He called on the Bohemians to present their carking cares and heart-aches to be put on the pyre and burned up. Then came some jokes pertinent to club members and matters. Then he invoked the saint, St. John of Nepomuk, adopted by the club for his appropriateness in several ways, and suddenly an enormous figure of St. John in his robes burst into flame. The pyre was lighted, Care and the blue devils went up in the most beautiful and effective form of fireworks, and amid jubilant cries the High Jinks was over. Later came a Low Jinks, in which the fun was hilarious, with many quaint and original features. The next morning (Sunday) the programme is simple and informal; many take a swim in the limpid river pool close by; then breakfast, at which delicious onion soup (the receipt is a club secret) is always served, and which, I am informed, is infallible as a settler of *Katzenjammer* symptoms. Then, reclining on and among the mossy logs and ferns, the fragrant weed is lighted, while the United States military band alternates with the club symphony orchestra in a morning concert. The Stabat Mater, the intermezzio of Mascagni, with bits of lighter music—Balfe, Vincent, Wallace, and Strauss—wake the echoes of the forest, and mark the passing of one more Midsummer High Jinks. **Henry J. Brady.**

HON. URBAN A. WOODBURY,
Governor-Elect of Vermont.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VERMONT.

Hon. Urban A. Woodbury, who has just been elected Governor of Vermont, has long been prominent in the affairs of his State, and his popularity is indicated by the fact that the majority of 27,500, which he received on September 4th, is, with one exception, the largest given for any Governor of the Green Mountain State since the formation of the Republican party. In 1888 Hon. William P. Dillingham received a majority of 27,618 for Governor, but the Lieutenant-Governor elected that year was Urban A. Woodbury, who therefore shared in the honors of that noteworthy victory. Mr. Woodbury received a large Democratic vote in his own city, and he has the unique distinction of being the only Republican who in a contest has carried every ward in Burlington.

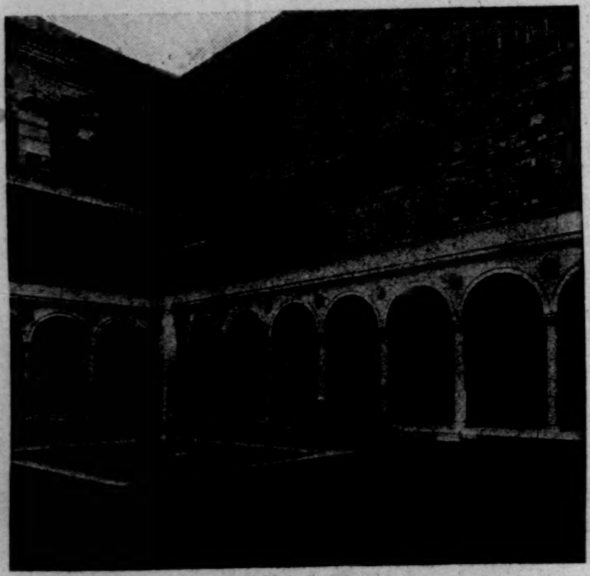
Urban Andrian Woodbury is a typical Vermonter, in spite of the fact that he had "the misfortune to be born outside of Vermont," as he naïvely puts it. His parents, who were both natives of the State, moved temporarily to Acworth, New Hampshire, and there, on July 11, 1838, the future Governor was born. The family returned to Vermont when Urban was two years old, and he received his education in the common schools of Morristown and in the Morrisville Academy. He graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Vermont in 1859, but his professional career was interrupted by the breaking out of the war of the rebellion. He was one of the first men in his State to enlist, becoming a member of Company H, Second Regiment Vermont Volunteers, on May 25, 1861. He began service on the field as Sergeant, and his service was such that the outlook for his promotion was promising, but he had the misfortune to lose his right arm at the battle of Bull Run, and was taken a prisoner. He was shortly paroled and discharged from service on account of his wounds; but he was not to be daunted, and he again entered the service on November 17, 1863. He was at once commissioned Captain of Company D, Eleventh Regiment Vermont Volunteers, and after serving in that capacity with faithfulness and distinction, he resigned in March, 1865.

Upon returning to Vermont, Captain Woodbury selected Burlington as his place of residence. He began his political career as a member of the Board of Alderman, of which he was made president in 1882. He was chosen Mayor of the city in 1885, and in the following year was re-elected. In these positions, as well as in the office of presiding officer of the State Senate, he not only displayed a high order of executive ability, but he also distinguished himself by the thoroughness and effectiveness with which he discharged his duties, and he won the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact.

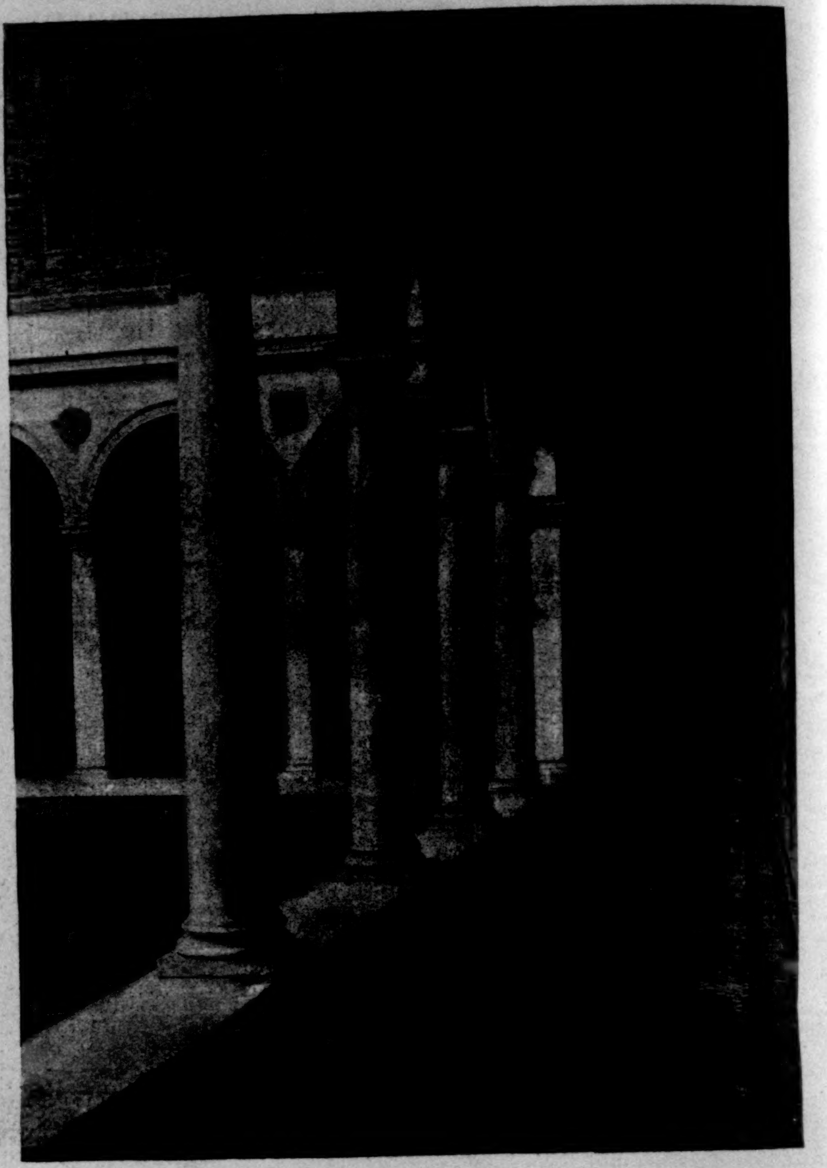
Governor-elect Woodbury is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and the Sons of the American Revolution.

The Vermont Legislature will meet on Wednesday, October 3d, for the purpose of canvassing the returns for Governor, and if the usual custom is followed, Governor Woodbury's inauguration will occur Thursday, October 4th.

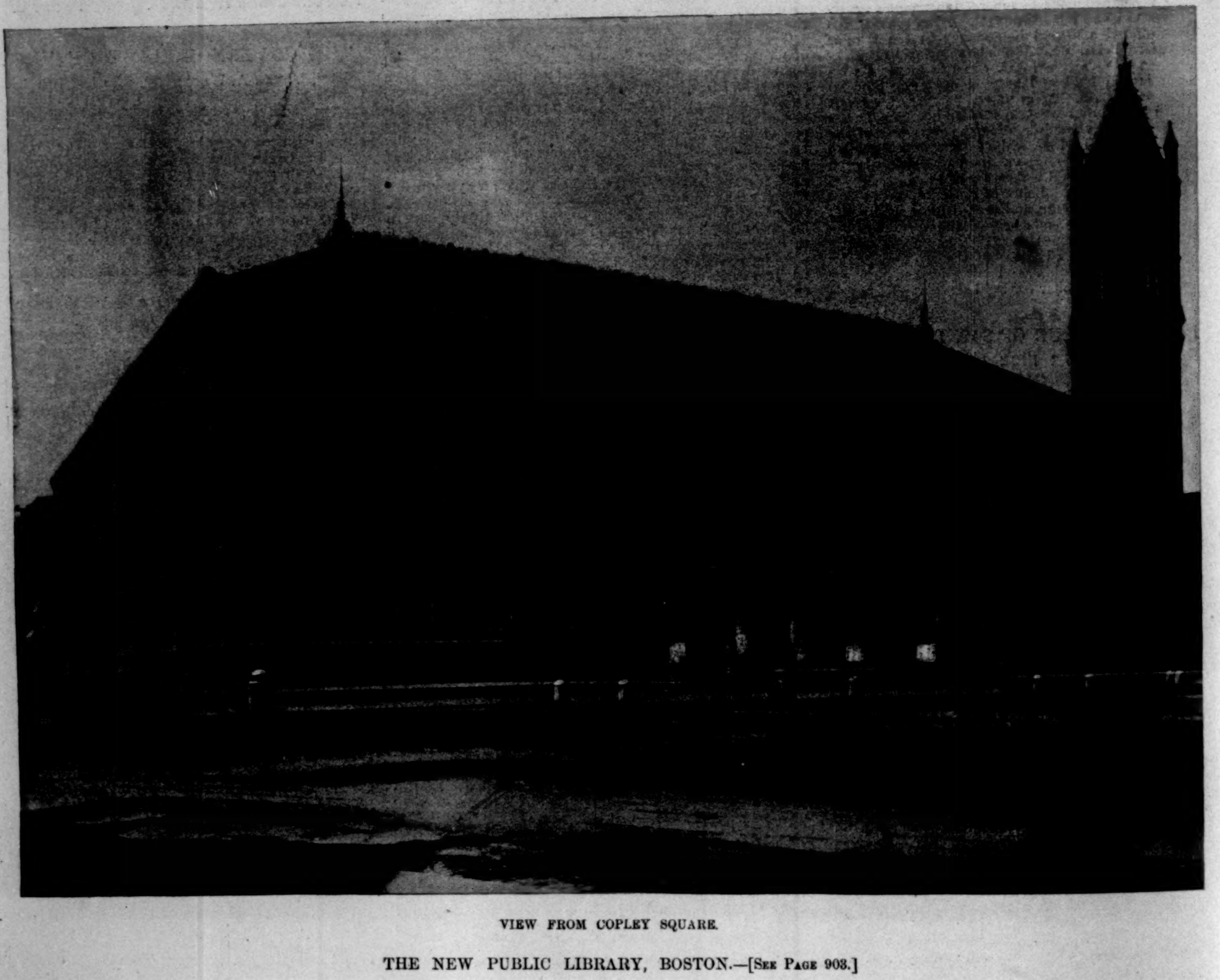
THE STAIRWAY.



THE COURT.

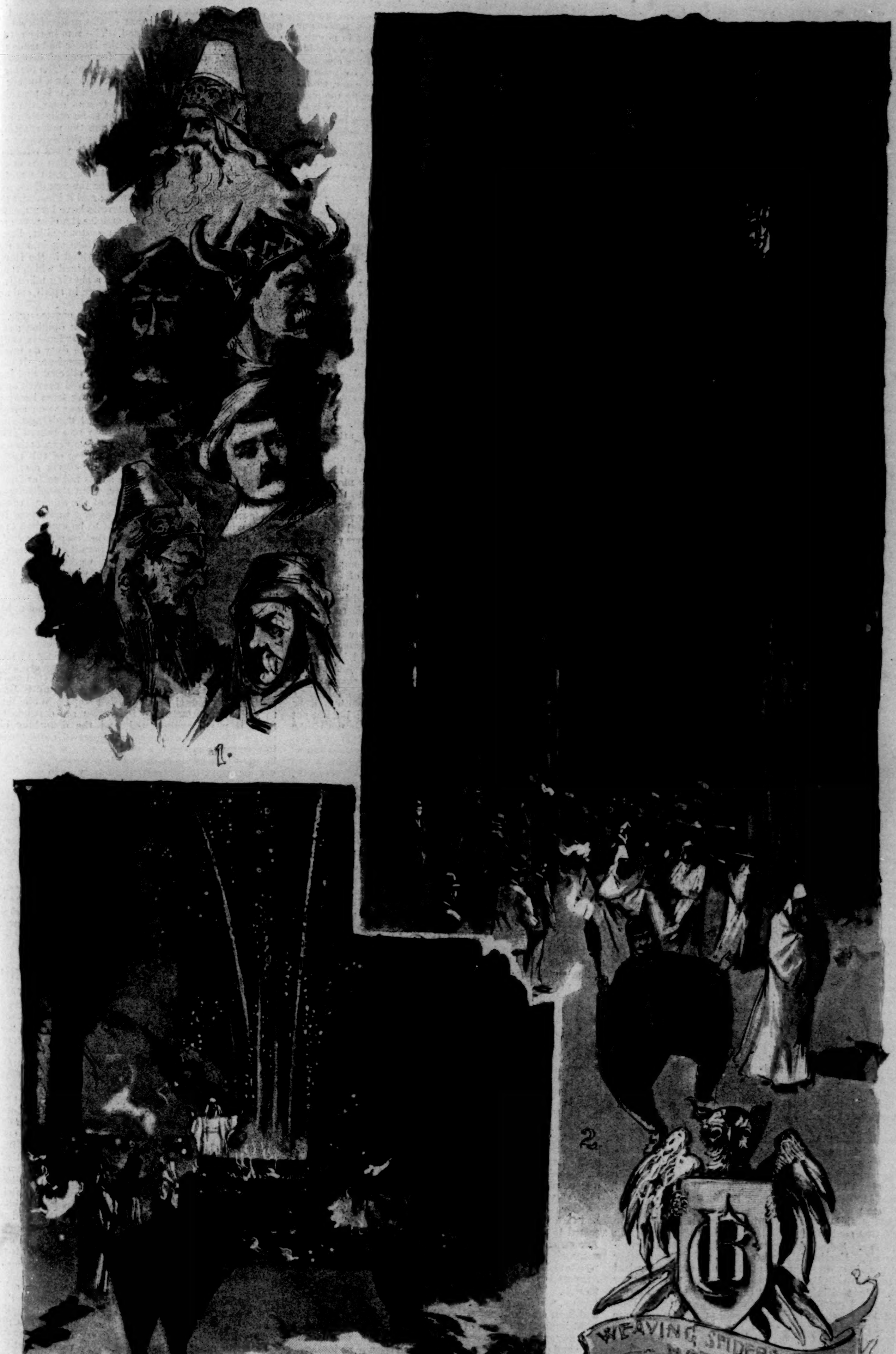


THE COLONNADE.



VIEW FROM COPLEY SQUARE.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.—[See Page 903.]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WEAVING SPIDERS COME NOT HERE

THE MIDSUMMER JINKS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO IN THE REDWOODS.
DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 895.]

1. Types from the Procession. 2. The Procession in the Forest. 3. Burning the Sorrows and Cares of the Club.

THE TARIFF ACT OF 1894.

BY F. W. TAUSSIG.

After the weary struggle of the long session of Congress it is a relief to turn from proposals and possibilities to accomplished facts. The tariff act of 1894 stands on the statute-book. It is well to put aside for a while the events of the immediate past, the party bickering, the personal animosities, the ignoble contest between the two Houses, in order to consider the place of the new act in the tariff legislation of the past generation, and weigh the significance of the final changes in rates, not only of those so much disputed, but of those accepted with little noisy debate. Now that the struggle is over we may pause and see where we stand, and how we have come to be there.

First and foremost stands a change which has been the subject of comparatively little attention in the last few months, yet is the most important, politically and economically, of all the thousands of changes in rates. This is the free admission of wool. Here we have a radical departure from the policy pursued for the thirty years since the war. It is even a departure from the policy followed before the war in the Democratic tariff of 1846; for in that measure wool was subjected to a considerable duty. Now it comes in free; even incidental protection disappears. And this change was virtually settled from the start. Whatever the struggles in the committees, or in House or Senate, or between the two Houses, there was never any question that wool was to be on the free list. With the free admission of wool, a change, almost as radical, was inevitable as to the duties on woollen goods. The entire wool and woollen schedule in the tariff was thus revolutionized.

Politically this change is important, because wool was the one prominent article as to which it could be seriously maintained that the farmer got a share of the protective bounty. There were, indeed, duties on wheat and corn and meat, but so long as these commodities are never imported, and depend for their market largely on the exports, it cannot be pretended that their prices are affected by a duty, or that their producers get within the magic circle of those whose prosperity is the creature of legislation. But wool is imported, and so is subject to foreign competition in the home market. The farmers of some Eastern and Central States, like Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, have had it dinned in their ears that free wool meant collapse of the prices of wool and slaughter to their flocks. It required courage to face this cry, especially in doubtful States like Ohio, where a few thousand votes might turn the scale. Now the wool-growers, whether farmers in the East or ranchmen in the West, have been told, once for all, that they must do without legislative aid.

Economically the change to free wool is important in itself, and as the emphatic recognition of a sound principle. On this hotly debated article our tariff now stands squarely on the ground that trade between nations is a division of labor in which both sides gain; that there are some things which it is better for us to buy than to make; and that if we buy, we sell, and need not fear ruin from reckless overpurchase. It is surprising that this truth should not have been sooner followed in regard to a commodity like wool. It is the raw material of a manufacture which is inevitably and admittedly hampered by the duty. At the same time it is a material of which the quality is largely determined by soil, climate, and other physical causes, and which thus gives little scope for that progress of improvement and invention sometimes plausibly claimed to be the result of protection to manufactures. The same sheep will yield a different fleece in England and in Oregon, in Texas and in New South Wales. The varieties of fibre are endless; Nature has her way in giving the sheep a different covering as its food and exposure vary. For certain qualities of wool the dry and sunny plains of Australia are as clearly the natural source of supply as the tier of States that border on the Gulf of Mexico are the sources of supply for the world's best cotton. Hence for years no civilized country, except our own, has imposed a duty on wool. And in this country, while we have maintained a duty, wool has constantly been imported over the barrier; fine wool and cheap wool have come in, notwithstanding duties of 50 per cent. and more. The domestic wool-growers—or their self-appointed spokesmen—have promised that they would supply the country with all qualities of wool, but they have never done so. Now we give up the vain pretence of self-sufficiency, and open our ports to the wool of the world.

In practice the result will not be so dramatic as the opponents of the change predict. The wool-growers will not be ruined, nor will the sheep be slaughtered. The finer qualities of wool will be more largely imported, especially from Australia. Perhaps medium grades will also be imported in larger quantities. Prices of some qualities of wool (not of all) will go down—they have already fallen in anticipation of the new régime. The manufacturer will get a good share of his material cheaper, and goods will go down. In some parts of the country sheep will be grown for mutton rather than for wool. In the main, the outcome will be a wider range of choice in his material for the manufacturer, a decline in the prices of all imported wool and of some domestic wool, some shifts in the location and character of our sheep-raising, and a clear gain to the consumer of woollens. The prophets of disaster will be disappointed. Here, as in other directions, the immediate effects of tariff legislation have been generally exaggerated, and the country will adapt itself to new conditions with hardly a shock.

With free wool we have considered almost the only consistent and straightforward step in the new legislation—the only one that could fairly be said to mark a new epoch in tariff history. Some other raw materials are, indeed, similarly treated. Lumber is admitted free, and this is another step in the right direction. But the duty on lumber had been comparatively light, and the objections to it so clear that even the McKinley act had raised none of the lumber duties, and had gone so far as to lower some of them. Raw flax and hemp are to come in free; but the imports are small, and likely to remain small, and the change is of no great consequence. Copper, too, goes on the free list—a long-delayed act of justice. The time of the worst effects of the copper duties has gone by, and the immediate results of this change will again not be great, but a recurrence of the abuses of the past is at least prevented.

On the other hand, as the debates of the last two months have made known to all of us, coal and iron ore remain on the dutiable list. These are raw materials, if there are such; and the same principle that called for free wool called with equal strength for free coal and iron. The House bill had made them free; in the Senate a moderation of the duties was all that could be secured. Both had been subject to duty at the rate of 75 cents a ton; both are now to pay 40 cents a ton.

That coal and iron ore should be subject to duty while wool is free, is due to the combined action of two very different causes—the pressure of private interests, on the one hand, and, on the other, the slowness with which, under our political system, the Senate responds to changes in popular feeling. It is not often that a popular verdict on a specific question is given as unequivocally as that of the elections of 1890 and 1892. If Senators were elected as Representatives are, both Houses, as well as the President's chair, would have been in easy control of the Democrats during the present session. Their policy on the tariff could then have been squarely carried out. As it was, a narrow margin in the Upper House gave a trio of Senators the power of defeating or twisting the party policy. The same circumstance gave private interests the opportunity of bringing pressure to bear with success. It is possible to bribe or interest or convince a few legislators, and so make the interests of great corporations superior to party consistency, not to mention the welfare of the public. Where the popular will is fully expressed in the legislating body, and party majorities are not narrow, such a result is hard to attain. Hence the Senate, not the House, afforded the private interests their opportunity; and coal and iron ore, as well as sugar, bear the marks of their manipulation.

So far as their direct effects are concerned, the coal and iron-ore duties are bad, yet not so bad in their quantitive effects as in their violation of principle. Free coal would mean some gain to New England and some gain to the Pacific coast; but in neither region is it likely that a very large increase in importations would follow the repeal of the duty. As to iron ore, the immediate question is largely one between the smelting-works close to the Atlantic shore and the iron-ore producers of the Lake Superior region. The former want their ore free of duty; the latter want to sell their product as far east as they can. A remission of the duty would redound first to the profit of certain Eastern steel-makers, and would filter through to the pockets of the people only by slow steps, hard to trace in detail. But this is the case with every improvement in the arts which cheapens the things used in the first stages of production. A cheapening of coal and iron ore first helps the makers of the crude iron and steel, and tends in due time to lower the price of their product. This tends to cheapen machinery; this tends to cheapen goods; the final benefit to the public comes at the end of a long process. Yet no changes in the arts during the last century have been so far-reaching in their effects as those which have cheapened coal and iron, the two great instruments of civilization; and every obstacle to free production and free trade in them is harmful.

Turning to the next important item among mineral products, we find pig-iron subject to a duty of $4 a ton. The House had made the duty 20 per cent.; the Senate substituted the specific duty. The old rate had been $6 72 a ton, so that there appears to be an appreciable reduction. A reduction there is, but not sufficient to be of much consequence. The great bulk of our pig-iron is sure to be produced at home in any case. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, a change such as is now made would have been of moment. At present it is only at some points on the northern Atlantic seaboard and on the Pacific coast, which happen to be remote from the domestic producers, that any importation of pig-iron would take place even with no duty at all. At such points the barrier is lowered a bit, but not enough to affect the situation seriously. Under the House rate of 20 per cent., equivalent to a specific duty of about $2, it would have been lowered still more. In certain official calculations the new duty, as settled in the Senate, is put down as equivalent to an *ad valorem* rate of 15 per cent., and so would appear to be lower than that fixed by the House. But these calculations rest on the prices of certain exceptional and expensive kinds of iron imported in very small quantities for mixing. On the great bulk of the iron used in trade the House rate would have meant a lower duty than that which we now have.

The pig-iron duty and the changes made in it by the Senate are typical. The drift of the new rates on metals and manufactures of metal is toward a very careful pruning. The House had adopted a system of *ad valorem* duties varying from 20 to 25 per cent.; the Senate substituted specific duties of the old sort, somewhat abated in amount. In comparatively few cases were the House rates retained, or, if somewhat advanced, still left in *ad valorem* form. The *ad valorem* method is far from faultless, and, indeed, from the simple administrative point of view, is to be unequivocally condemned. But specific duties have the defect, grave under our system of government by public opinion, of not telling their own tale. Their meaning and incidence are often known only to a few persons versed in the details of some intricate trade, and they give opportunities for that manipulation of legislation in favor of private interests which is the greatest evil of our day. Hence the predilection of tariff-reformers for *ad valorem* rates, notwithstanding the administrative difficulties they entail; hence the suspicions which the retention of the specific system aroused. As matters stand in the new act, we can only be sure that if abuses exist in the intricate figures as they still remain in the tariff lists, the general pruning of the specific rates has made them somewhat less in degree.

Among manufactured articles the most marked change is in the duties on woollen goods, where free wool made necessary an entirely new system. Under the old system, which went back to the time of civil war, and had been retained and emphasized in the McKinley act, woollen goods were subject to a compound rate, partly specific and partly *ad valorem*. As there was a duty on wool, the manufacturers had rightly demanded that foreign woollens should be subjected to a corresponding duty, which should prevent the foreign competitor enjoying free wool from having an advantage over the domestic maker. The specific duty on woollens had been meant to accomplish this result; it was supposed merely to offset the wool duty, and to give no protection. The additional *ad valorem* duty gave the net protection, which was originally at the rate of 25 per cent., but had been gradually raised, until in the McKinley act, on the most important classes of goods, it was 50 per cent. Under this system the total tax on woollen goods, taking the specific and *ad valorem* rates together, had risen to an intolerable point, being equivalent to 80, 90, 100 per cent., even more, on the foreign value of the woollens. Moreover, the system gave examples of those difficulties with specific duties which were mentioned a moment ago. In many cases the compensating specific duties on woollens in fact did more than to compensate, being so arranged as to give protection where they were supposed to give none. Hence when it was proposed in the Wilson bill to cut off the specific duties entirely, as no longer justified under free wool, the manufacturers protested that they were really losing something—a contention which could not but raise a cynical smile, in view of the earnestness with which it had been so long maintained that this part of the duties did no more than offset the tax on raw wool. But the specific rates had to go, and the only question was as to the extent of the protective *ad valorem* duty which was to be retained. The rate in the act is from 35 to 45 per cent. Here again the House had made the rate 40 per cent., with a provision for gradual decrease, until after five years it should be 35 per cent. The Senate raised it on some important classes of goods. As a further softening of the change to the manufacturers, it is provided that while wool is to come in duty free at once, the new and lowered rates on woollens are not to be collected until January 1st of next year. For a season the manufacturers get their wool free, yet continue to enjoy the McKinley rates on woollens. In view of the considerable plant required for a woollen mill, of the unquestionable fact that the new conditions will be very different from the old, and the probability of a trying period of transition for the manufacturers, this policy is sound as well as generous; and it illustrates the anxious care with which vested interests have been regarded.

On the other great textile articles the changes are more simple than on woollens. On cottons, silks, linens, the duties, as a rule, go down a little. Here, again, the rates are in many cases higher than was provided in the House bill, and sometimes specific duties are retained which the House had rejected. The net result is a shaving taken from the protective system, some little change in spirit, and an occasional reduction of real moment.

Last in the list of important articles comes sugar. As to a duty on raw sugar there may be two opinions; as to the mode in which the duty on refined sugar has been adjusted, there can be but one. The moderate duty on raw sugar, standing by itself, is, on the whole, expedient. It will yield a large and certain revenue, easily collected, and just now sorely needed by the Treasury. It will prevent an abrupt change for the Louisiana sugar-planter from heavy protection to absolute free trade. Such a change they might fairly complain of, in view of the general tenderness shown to other protected industries. A duty at a rate of about one cent a pound, limited to a period of five years or thereabouts, would have been a reasonable solution of this part of the problem. The *ad valorem* duty of 40 per cent. which is imposed on raw sugar by the act is not so far from being equivalent to this specific duty. But the *ad valorem* form in this case plays into the hands of the Sugar Trust (to use the familiar name) in ways not at first understood by some who favored it, but very certain to be exploited to the utmost by the astute managers of that corporation. Add the extra duty of one-eighth cent a pound openly imposed for the protection of the refiners, and we have very substantial favors from the legislature to the great monopoly. It is true that, all things taken together, the advantage to the Trust is not so great as was that given four years ago by the McKinley act. But this year we ought not to have had the alternative of half a loaf or no bread.

All in all, the new act, with the one exception of free wool, brings no incisive changes. Doubtless it is wise policy to make haste slowly with the reform of the tariff. Any great lowering in the barriers we have erected against foreign trade, not to mention their complete removal and the attainment of completely free trade, must be accomplished by gradual and tentative steps. While the extent to which manufacturing industries are dependent on the tariff is much exaggerated, and the disturbing effect of radical changes is even more exaggerated, a due regard must in fairness be shown to vested interests, and due opportunity be given for accommodation to new conditions. But it is not necessary to proceed so gingerly as in the present act. As time goes on, further changes will be made, until eventually the question may be not whether we are to have more or less of protection, but whether we are to have protection or free trade. The accidents of the political arena must decide when the next step in the remodelling of our tariff system shall take place; but those who believe the basis of our extreme protective régime to be bad will not rest content with the changes now made; nor need they be frightened by the protests against further agitation and disturbance of trade. Such ghosts as those of the surrender to the Sugar Trust will not down. For two years the tariff question is settled, but it is inevitable that in 1896 the question should recur as to the mode in which the protective system shall be once more overhauled.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ.

Baron Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz, who died on the 8th inst. in Berlin, was one of the most extraordinary men of the century. He had that rarest of natural endowments, an inherent aptitude for both the natural and the physical sciences, and he was as profound as he was versatile. Probably his native bent favored mathematics and physics, but circumstances beyond his control led him to study medicine, and he was for some years a practitioner, and held professorships in anatomy and physiology.

It was during the earlier years of his life as a practitioner of medicine that he developed the law of the Conservation of Energy, the doctrine since accepted almost as a truism, along with the law of Universal Gravitat, that energy, like matter, is fixed in amount in the universe, and indestructible, though infinitely transmutable. It is true that another shares with him the honor of independent discovery of this epoch-marking law. But so had Darwin a co-discoverer in Wallace. Even Newton was in a measure anticipated by Bacon and Galileo and Hooke. It has been said—by Tyndall, was it not?—that the three ideas that will make our century memorable in future ages are the doctrine of the conservation of energy, the doctrine of evolution, and the germ theory of disease. If history confirms this prophecy, Helmholtz will be remembered as the Newton—or perhaps the Descartes—of our epoch.

Beginning his scientific researches with an achievement so extraordinary, Professor Helmholtz continued for a third of a century to work with such energy of application as only the German student can command. His genius was encyclopædic, and in almost every department of physics he made notable discoveries. The most directly practical of these, and the one for which he is perhaps most generally known, was his invention of the ophthalmoscope. This instrument, which is now a part of the equipment of every physician who treats diseases of the eye, enables us to see the retina, and observe its condition in health and disease, and is of inestimable value in the diagnosis not only of diseases of the eye, but even of disordered conditions of the circulation in the brain. Had Professor Helmholtz discovered nothing but the ophthalmoscope, his fame would still be secure. As it is, his fame rests on a score of achievements, any one of which would be sufficient to give him the stamp of genius.

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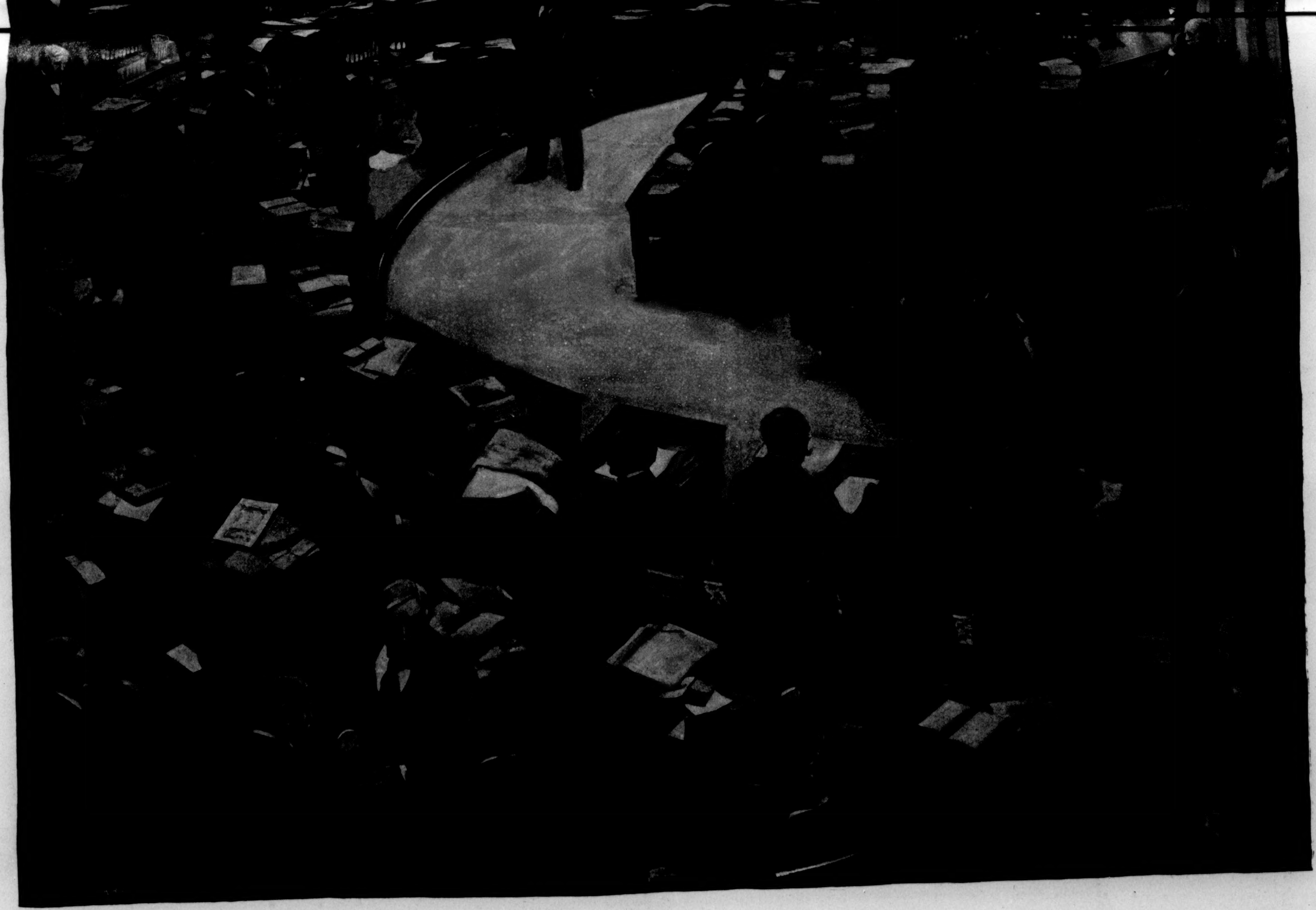
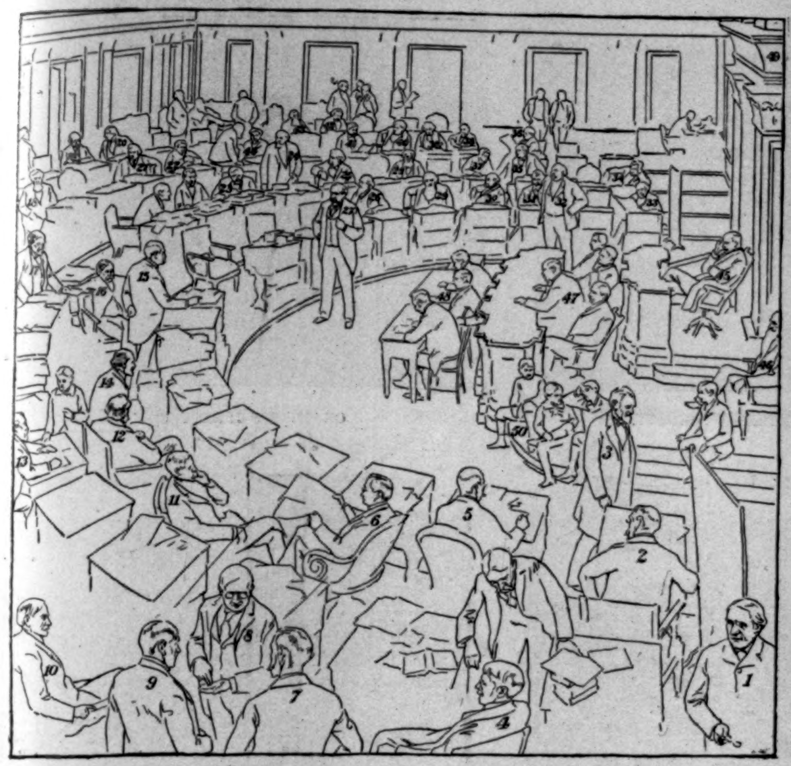


THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION.

Drawn by George W. Breck.—[See Key on Page 903.]



KEY TO DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION, "THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION."

1. A. P. Gorman. 2. J. R. Hawley. 3. H. M. Teller. 4. W. E. Chandler. 5. J. H. Gallinger. 6. M. S. Quay. 7. H. C. Lodge. 8. G. F. Hoar. 9. E. Hale. 10. J. Sherman. 11. J. D. Cameron. 12. J. S. Morrill. 13. C. F. Manderson. 14. O. H. Platt. 15. N. W. Aldrich. 16. W. P. Frye. 17 W. B. Allison. 18. J. M. Palmer. 19. D. B. Hill. 20. J. W. Daniel. 21. J. Smith, Jun. 22. C. J. Faulkner. 23. G. G. Vest. 24. J. K. Jones. 25. D. W. Voorhees. 26. F. M. Cockrell. 27. G. Gray. 28. J. Z. George. 29. R. Coke. 30. I. G. Harris. 31. J. H. Berry. 32. R. Q. Mills. 33. E. Hunton. 34. J. L. McLaurin. 35. W. V. Allen. 36. E. Murphy, Jun. 37. W. Call. 38. J. L. Pugh. 39. W. B. Bate. 40. W. Lindsay. 41. J. H. Kyle. 42. P. Walsh. 43. J. L. Mitchell. 44. C. S. Brice. 45. Vice-President A. E. Stevenson. 46. Doorkeeper I. Bassett. 47. Clerks. 48. Reporters. 49. Newspaper Gallery. 50. Pages.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE Boston Public Library has just been completed, at a cost of something like $2,500,000; though now second in size, it is still first in rank among the libraries of America. It was established in 1852, though projected in 1841, and was enabled to grow at once to a position of commanding importance through the munificence of Joshua Bates, a London banker, and an old Bostonian. The first building was a modest affair in Mason Street, now the headquarters of the school board. When the second edifice, on Boylston Street, was completed, in 1858, it was believed that it would answer its purpose for at least a century. But in twelve years its shelf-room had to be doubled.

The library now comprises over 600,000 volumes. Over a million books are taken out every year for home circulation, and over 700,000 periodicals are read in the reading-rooms. It is open day and evening throughout the week, including Sundays. There are twenty-five branch libraries and delivery stations in various sections of the city. Several of these branches, having belonged to suburban municipalities, since annexed, are important institutions in themselves, with special endowments and valuable collections. For the latest branch the city has recently bought the fine old West Church, at a cost of $55,000.

The library has been in the charge of a specially incorporated board of trustees since 1878—a provision that assures the permanency of the institution and its invaluable collections. Each year one of the five members, whose positions are honorary, is appointed by the Mayor. The city appropriates something like $155,000 a year for the running expenses of the library, including the purchase of books. There is also a large income from various trust funds with which generous citizens have endowed the library and its branches. These funds, eighteen in number, now amount to over $250,000, and range from $100 up to $61,800—the latter figure representing the Arthur Scholfield fund, the only one that exceeds the original Bates endowment. The latter is also equalled by the most recent gift, the William C. Todd endowment of $50,000 for a newspaper reading-room supplied with the leading journals from all the centres of the world. The value of the gifts of books, manuscripts, works of art, etc., would probably greatly exceed the sum of the endowments.

The new library was begun in 1888. A large portion of the site, bounded on three sides by Dartmouth, Boylston, and Blagden streets, was given for the purpose by the commonwealth. An architectural competition instituted by the city government was won by Charles B. Atwood, whose masterly work at the World's Fair has placed him at the head of his profession. A looseness of terms in the conditions made the competition unsatisfactory, and therefore a legislative enactment in 1887 placed the work in the hands of the trustees, and the New York house of McKim, Mead, & White was selected for the architects

The style of the new edifice is the Roman, and the St.-Geneviève, the great library of Paris, was taken as the type. It was not until something like a dozen designs had been carefully made and successively destroyed that the present shape of the building was determined upon, and not a few important changes have been made as construction progressed. At first there was something like general popular dissatisfaction at the absence of anything like showy features in the design. But there has been a revolution in public sentiment in regard to its artistic character. A sense of the beauty of the great edifice has grown upon the people at large.

The site is one of the finest to be found in any American city for a monumental building. The edifice expresses in its exterior the organic character of the structure as formed by its internal composition and arrangement, as well as its purpose as a great library. The long unbroken arcade of the Copley Square front, for example, indicates the chief feature of the main story in the shape of Bates Hall, the great reading-room, whose length of 218 feet occupies that entire side of the building. The three façades rest upon a broad low platform of granite, that gives the building a wide and dignified base, and materially enhances its impressiveness. The roof is covered with corrugated tiles of a warm dark brown tone, and the sky-line is enriched by a cresting of hammered copper, classic in design. A prominent feature of the decoration is the conventionalized figure of the dolphin, emblematical of the maritime character of the city. Below the cornice are frequent medallions representing some of the most celebrated book-seals of the world, beautifully modelled by Domingo Mora, the sculptor. The panels that occupy the lower parts of the great window arches are occupied by the deeply carved names of the world's great personages in intellectual achievement, selected by the trustees with extreme care, and finally determined after consultation with the late James Russell Lowell and Professor Childs, of Harvard.

Above the triple-arched portal are marble panels with the seals of the library, the commonwealth, and the city carved in low relief—the work of Augustus St. Gaudens. The seal of the library follows the design by Kenyon Cox, representing two beautiful nude boys with the torches of learning, supporting a shield bearing an open book. On the keystone of the central arch is a head of Minerva. Flanking the entrance, at the corners of the projecting platform, will be two groups of sculpture by Augustus St. Gaudens, each composed of three seated female figures. The finely wrought iron gates of the portal enclose an open vestibule, with the main entrance hall beyond—a beautiful vaulted room with a mosaic ceiling decorated with garland and lattice designs, and enclosing in laurel wreaths the names of eminent Bostonians. In the marble floor are the signs of the zodiac and the seal of the library in bronze. The great doors from the vestibule are to be of bronze, modelled in low relief by Daniel Chester French.

Opposite the entrance a noble great arch reveals the grand staircase. This is flanked on the landing, at the turning for the second ascent, on either side, by two marble lions, modelled by Louis St. Gaudens, the gift of the Second and the Twenty-second Regiment associations of Massachusetts volunteers in the late civil war. The five great panels in this magnificent staircase hall will be decorated by Puvis de Chavannes, the greatest mural painter living. The artist is now at work on his canvases in Paris. These will probably be the only decorations not by an American, either native or naturalized, but it was thought desirable to have the key-note given by the world's most eminent master in decoration. The trustees have expressed the hope to have all the most distinguished American artists, both painters and sculptors, lend a hand in the decoration of this building, which they aim to make a sort of Boston Walhalla, containing memorials to the city's most famous children.

In the basement, on the ground-floor, to the right is the reading-room for periodicals, and beyond, on the Boylston Street side, a large hall for the Todd newspaper reading-room—a unique institution that promises to give the city marked attractiveness for strangers, who, whatever part of the world they may hail from, can here always read the latest news from their native country. The rest of the basement floor is devoted to the catalogue, bindery, and printing departments, and other working offices of the institution.

The great cloistered court forms one of the most charming and impressive features of the building. The open space is covered simply with turf, whose green expanse contributes to the restful air of the place, and invites to reading in the shade of the cloisters that surround it on three sides with a marble arcade. In the centre is a rectangular basin of marble, which will shortly be adorned by a fountain designed by Mr. Macmonnies and presented by an anonymous giver. Between the arches of the cloisters and on the marble parapet above will stand, in open weather, vases of red terra-cotta from Perugia, filled with flowering plants. The walls of this court, as well as the rear wall of the exterior, are of russet-brown Roman brick.

The grand staircase hall is lined with a rich yellow Siena marble. At the head of the stairs is a beautiful arcade with four columns, which encloses a corridor from which one enters the great main reading-room, whose name of Bates Hall, like that of the great hall of the old library, honors the first benefactor of the institution. It is a grand and splendid room, with a lofty barrel-arched ceiling finished in panels tinted in warm and delicate tones. The walls are of warm gray Amherst sandstone, with a base of red Verona marble. The ends are apselike; the south end has windows, and at the north end is a large panel which Whistler has been commissioned to decorate. Other panels in this hall will give fine opportunities for decoration. Bates Hall is to have two important pieces of sculptural decoration in the shape of a statue of Emerson by Mr. French and of Sir Harry Vane by Mr. Macmonnies.

Adjoining Bates Hall, and to the south of the grand staircase, is the delivery-room, which is to have a brilliant decorative feature in the rich frieze by Edwin A. Abbey, a portion of which was shown at the Columbian World's Fair. It illustrates "The Search for the Holy Grail," and thus appropriately symbolizes the pursuit of wisdom, which should be the aim of those who come to this room for books. The enormous book-stack adjoins the delivery-room, and occupies the entire south and west sides of the building. It is provided with electric railway and other facilities for the almost instantaneous delivery of books from the shelves to the reader. The entire building has room for at least 2,000,000 volumes.

The main floor on the west side is occupied by the two patent-rooms. The attention given to the literature of patents has long made the library of immense service to inventors and to manufacturing and other business interests. The large patent-room is to have a decorated ceiling by John Eliot, illustrating "The Progress of the Centuries." The lobbies from the staircase hall are to be decorated by Joseph Lindon Smith and Elmer E. Garnsey.

On the floor above, a long hall adjoins Bates Hall, and communicates with a balcony that overlooks the latter and affords a fine view of its grand dimensions. This is the hall of the special library floor. It has a barrel-arched ceiling, and is a room of handsome proportions. It is to be decorated by John S. Sargent with a most original conception of "The Religions of the World." A portion of Mr. Sargent's work was exhibited at the recent Royal Academy in London, and was the leading feature of the occasion. Lofty corridors connect with this hall, and continue around the floor, communicating with the rooms and alcoves assigned to the various special libraries. These libraries, kept separate from the main collection, and accessible to investigators, are of great value. They are the Bowditch, Parker, Prince, Ticknor, Barton, Franklin, Thayer, John A. Lewis, President John Adams library of constitutional history, the Gilbert collection of plays, the Allen A. Browne library of music, and the Chamberlain collection of manuscripts. The last four collections are recent gifts. The Browne collection is said to be the finest musical library in the country, and the Chamberlain manuscripts, given by the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, formerly librarian of the institution, is valued at $60,000.

The corridors on this floor, and also the special library rooms, are finely adapted to decoration. It is hoped to secure decorations from John La Farge, Francis D. Millet, George de Forrest Brush, and Abbott Thayer.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

THE COUNT OF PARIS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS, Comte de Paris, died in England the other day, of cancer, at the age of fifty-six. If the Legitimists had triumphed over both the Republicans and the Bonapartists at any time during the past eleven years, this Count of Paris would have been the King of France. Up to his death, in 1883, the Count of Chambord, the head of the Bourbons, was looked upon by the French monarchists as the legitimate heir to the French throne. In this the Count of Paris, after 1873, acquiesced, though previous to that time he had had pretensions on his own account as grandson of King Louis Philippe, and the head of the Orleans branch of the royal house of France. After the death of Chambord the only person who might have challenged the right of the Count of Paris to the empty honor of being a king without a crown, a throne, or a people was Don Carlos of Spain, the only living descendant in the direct male line of Louis XIV. When Charles II. of Spain died, without a son, he bequeathed his throne to Philip of Aragon, grandson of Louis XIV. This French prince became Philip II. of Spain, and in doing so he renounced for himself and his heirs all pretensions to the throne of France. This renunciation barred out his descendant, Don Carlos, and made the title of the Count of Paris clear. But this did the Count no service further than to secure to him the inheritance of the vast fortune of his house, and to fix upon him banishment from his native country under the law passed by the National Assembly expelling all royal princes from France. During the Presidency of Thiers the Count of Paris served in the National Assembly, and also had restored to him the property of his family which had been confiscated by the state.

The Count was born at the Tuileries in 1838, during the reign of his grandfather, Louis Philippe, the last king of France, and was the son of the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of the monarch. This Duc d'Orléans was killed by a fall from his horse in 1842, and the Count of Paris, when only four years old, was looked upon as the Crown Prince of France. When the revolution of 1848 broke out he and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, were taken by their mother to England, and educated at Claremont. His long residence in England, and his education there, made the Count very much of an Englishman in manner if not in feeling. When the civil war began in this country the Count took a great interest in it, and sided with the Union cause, not because Louis Napoleon was partial to the South, but as a matter of conviction. In 1861, with his brother, Duc de Chartres, and his uncle, Prince de Joinville, he came to America, the two younger men offering their services to the President in Washington. They were appointed volunteer aides on the staff of General McClellan with the rank of Captain. They accepted these commissions on condition that they should receive neither pay nor allowances, and be permitted to resign whenever they chose. With the Army of Virginia they saw a year of warfare, and participated in many battles, taking a more active and perilous part perhaps at Gaines Mill than elsewhere. At that battle General Fitz John Porter with 27,000 men was attacked by 64,000 Confederates. It was necessary to re-enforce Porter, and the French princes served as guides to take Slocum's division of Franklin's corps to Porter's rescue. About this time Louis Napoleon's government seemed likely to make trouble between France and the United States on account of the persistence of the French Emperor in interference in the affairs of Mexico. It seemed desirable, therefore, that the French Princes should retire from the United States army. So, in June, 1862, they resigned their commissions and returned to England.

After his expulsion from France the Count of Paris lived quietly in England the life of a country gentleman, though also engaged in literary pursuits.

During his residence in England he went much into society, of which he was an ornament on account of his cultivation, his amiability, and the gracefulness of his address and person. He lived for years at Sheen House, near London, and here his children were born. This house was the refuge of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier after the revolution of 1848. Their daughter became the Countess of Paris, and by pretension Queen of France. Recently the Count of Paris and his family have lived at Stowe House, in Buckinghamshire, and it was there that he died. The eldest son, Prince Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, born in Twickenham, England, in 1869, succeeds to the pretensions of his father. This young man is of adventuresome spirit, and a few years ago went to France and tried to enlist in the army. He was sent to prison for a few months, and then quietly taken out of France. Owing to his being an exile, the body of the dead Count will not be allowed to rest with his ancestors in the family tomb in the chapel of Dreux. The present Duke is anxious to emerge from his life of quiet.

"QUEEN OF THE HILL 4th," CHAMPION HOLSTEIN, AND BABY, THREE DAYS OLD.

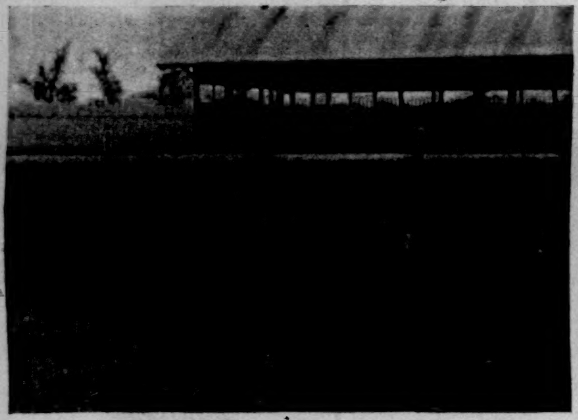
"PURITY," CHAMPION GUERNSEY.

CHAMPION JERSEY COW.

CHAMPION HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN BULL.
"COLANTHA'S 2d SIR HENRY."

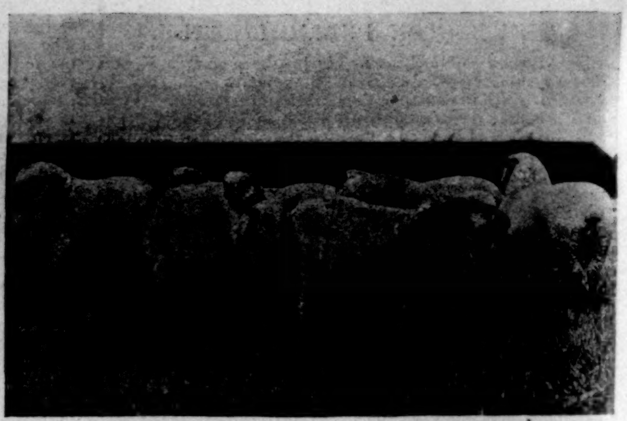
CHAMPION GUERNSEY BULL.

CHAMPION JERSEY BULL.
"MAHKEENAC 2d."



CHAMPION FLOCK OF MERINOS.

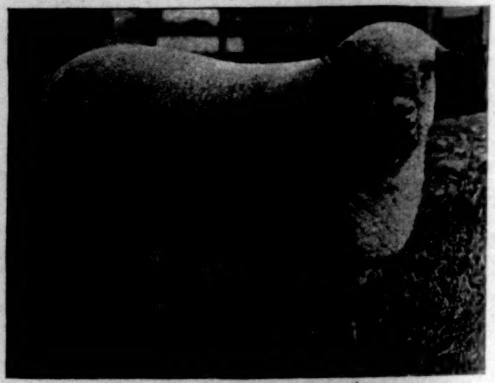
"DON," CHAMPION MERINO RAM.



CHAMPION GROUP OF SHROPSHIRES.

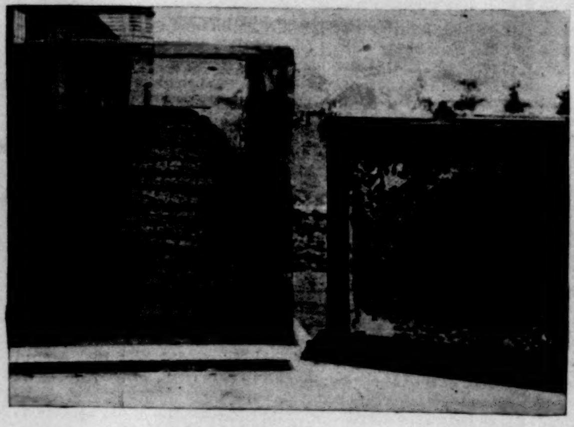
"CEFIC," CHAMPION HAMPSHIRE RAM.

"LORD WINDSOR," CHAMPION BERKSHIRE.
First Prize, World's Fair, 1893, beating 149 Champions in England.
Weight, 800 pounds. Two years old.



CHAMPION SHROPSHIRE RAM.

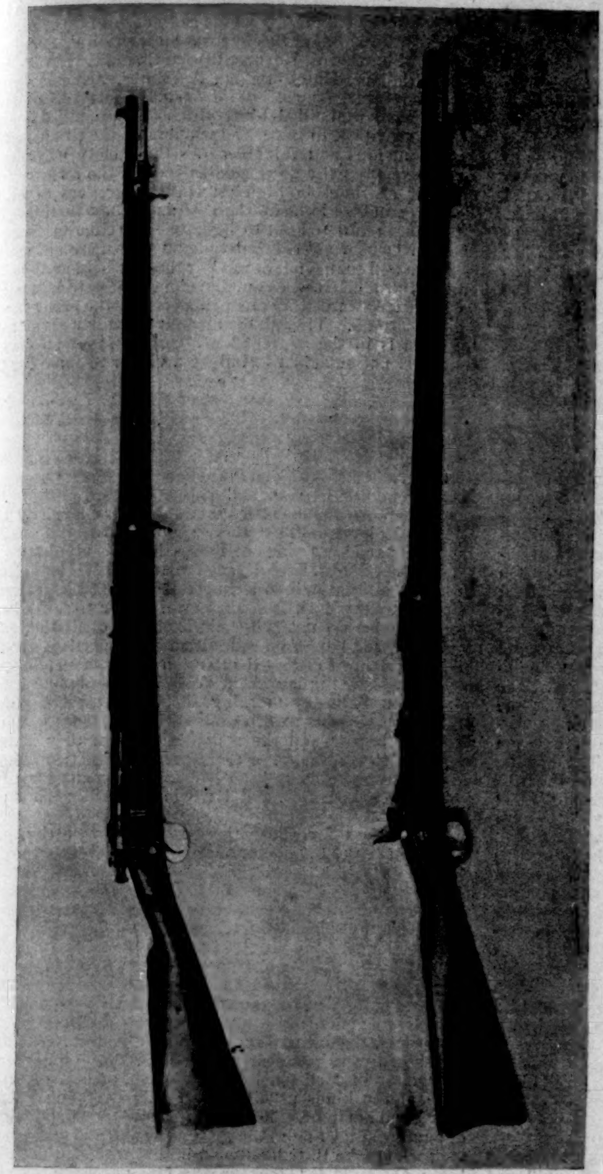
CHAMPION GROUP OF IMPORTED BERKSHIRES.
An Aristocratic Gathering.



OLD 18th CENTURY HIVE, AND NEW WAY OF MAKING HONEY (ITALIAN SWARM).

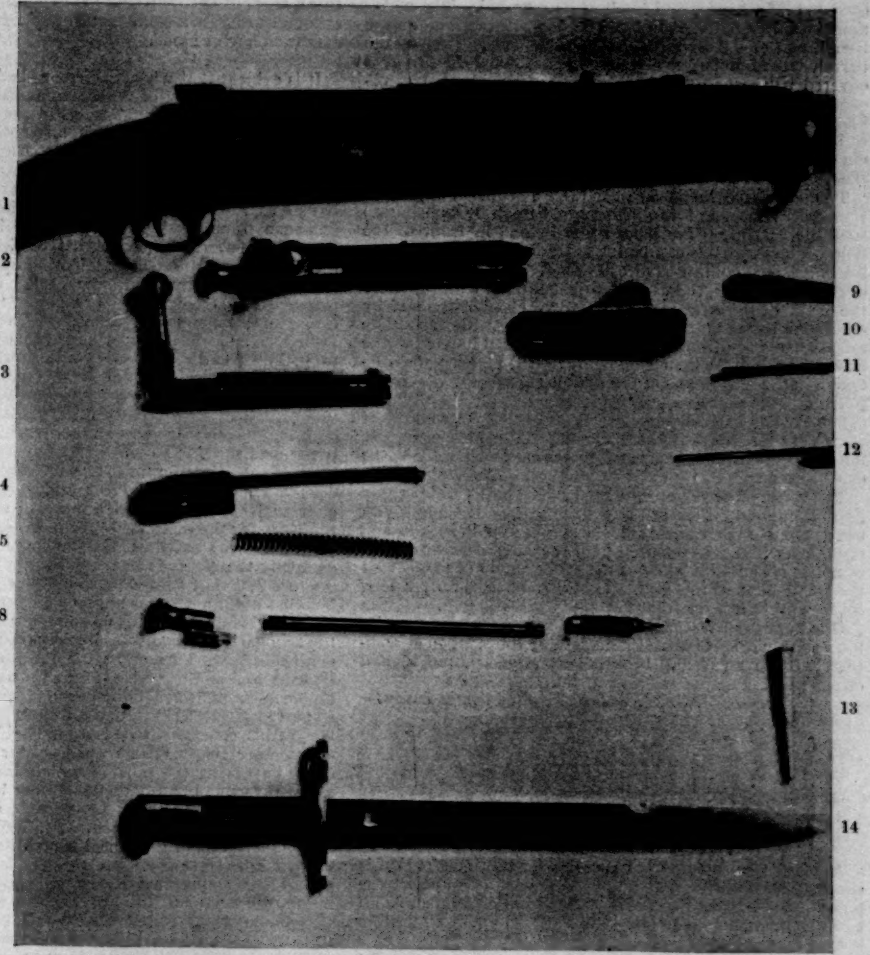
CHAMPION SHETLAND COLT.
About the Size of a Newfoundland Dog.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR, SYRACUSE.—[See Page 906.]



The Krag-Jörgensen. The Springfield.

THE NEW AND THE SUPERSEDED UNITED STATES INFANTRY RIFLES.

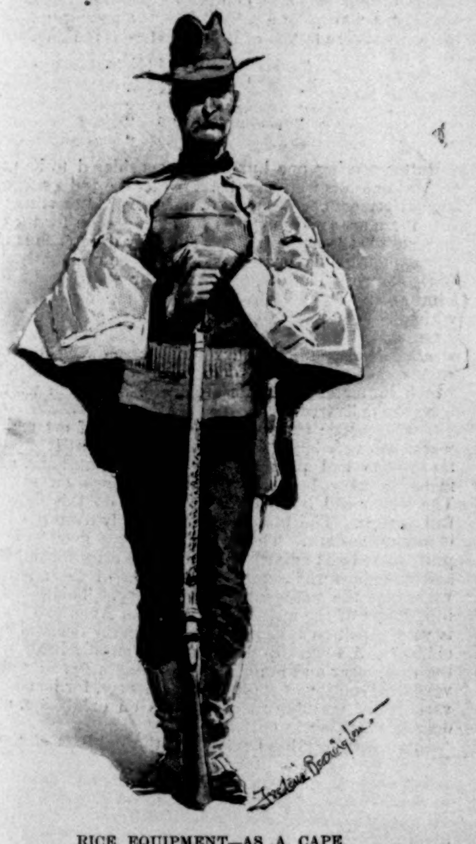


THE NEW RIFLE FOR THE ARMY.

1. United States Infantry Rifle with Bolt and Gate of Magazine removed. 2. Bolt, with parts assembled. 3. Bolt, with parts dismounted. 4. Sleeve and Extractor. 5. Spiral Mainspring. 6, 7, 8. Firing-Pin. 9. Follower. 10. Gate of Magazine. 11. Spring of Follower. 12. Hinge of Gate. 13. Cartridge. 14. Bayonet.

A NEW INFANTRY EQUIPMENT.

Colonel Edmund Rice, of the Fifth United States Infantry, has been through our civil war, the Franco-Prussian, and the Turco-Russian wars, and had some years of Indian work with the Fifth Infantry. He has a great many ideas about infantry, and one of them is that he has never seen United States infantry in active field-work carry what is loaded on to them by the army regulations. He knew that they ought to carry all the things prescribed, but he knew also that they never did; then he knew that it was a condition, and not a theory. And one night he had a dream, and the next day he got a seamstress to begin stitching on his idea. He thought and the seamstress stitched, until finally he made a combined military cartridge-belt and garment which could be changed from belts to garments or from garments to belts in a few moments. It was made of closely woven cotton duck, practically rain and wind proof, weighing less than the present belt-plate, haversack, and canteen strap, which can now be dispensed with, and it takes the place of the cape to the overcoat, which weighs two pounds. The soldier has a cool pair of shoulder-belts for hot, and by unrolling them a short comfortable overcoat and cape for cold or stormy, weather. Worn as belts or garments, they hold the ammunition, field-glass, sword, revolver, bayonet, haversack, and canteen. The knapsack, valise-pack, and clothing-bag, or blanket and shelter-tent rolled, can be worn over the equipment. It has had the endorsement of that fearful and wonderful old Ordnance Board, and the colonel has now gone to Europe to show it there.



RICE EQUIPMENT—AS A CAPE.

There is an old saying that "the calf-skin [knapsack] has killed more men than bullets or bayonets," but it cannot be said that this is true of American soldiers, because they always cut the Gordian knot by the simple process of throwing everything away. They would rather do without than lug the regulation equipment. Our civil war was fought with the gun, canteen (which is too large), haversack, and a shelter-tent worn round the body. The next war will be fought with the same equipment, with the addition of a bowie-knife, bayonet, and intrenching-tool combined. I believe that every soldier ought to have three acres and a cow, but I don't believe he ought to take them to war with him. There must be a new way to carry the ammunition for the new rapid-fire gun, and obviously that must be from the shoulders. All this is to be the subject of experiment, and, indeed, the infantry which I saw at Chicago were carrying three different equipments, with varying opinions as to their merits. What a man can carry in slow marches, such as a change of post or position, is one thing, and what he will carry in hard active summer campaigning is another, and five or six hundred thousand men experimented for four years once with a result as stated above.

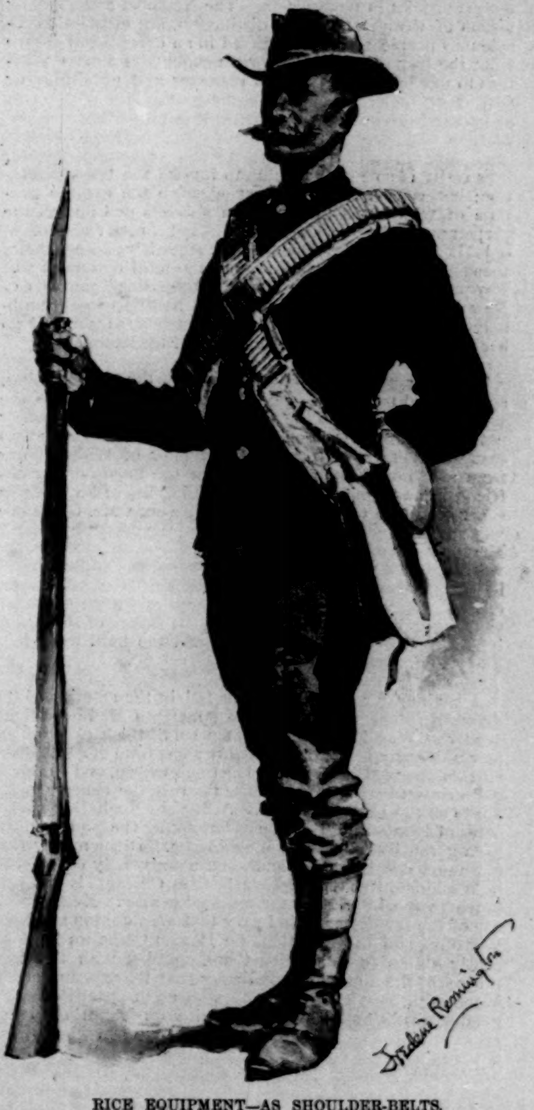
Frederic Remington.

THE NEW U. S. INFANTRY RIFLE.

Within the last few years all of the leading nations of the world have rearmed their infantry with new rifles. These new rifles differ from the ones previously used in two ways—their calibres are much smaller than those of the old ones, and they are magazine-guns instead of single-loaders. Being smaller in calibre, the bullets are much lighter, and consequently a soldier can carry more ammunition—a very important consideration with a magazine-gun, with its increased rapidity of fire.

For some time the United States, while perfectly aware of the advantages of the new guns, took no steps towards the rearming of its infantry, but carefully watched the development of the small-calibre magazine-gun and the various improvements as they were introduced. It was not until a short while ago that the time seemed to have arrived for our government to begin its investigations with the object of selecting the best magazine-gun. A board of officers was appointed, and inventors were invited to submit models. All of the best magazine-guns adopted by the European nations were carefully examined, and also numerous models submitted by private individuals. After applying exhaustive tests to all of the models submitted, one was finally adopted, and its manufacture, at once begun, is now so far advanced that in a short time the army will begin to receive its new guns. The gun adopted is similar to the arm now used by the Danish government, but so altered and improved as to make it the best magazine-gun for army use now known.

The Krag-Jörgensen or United States infantry rifle, model 1892, is a magazine-gun with a calibre of .30 of an inch, or .15 of an inch smaller than that of the Springfield rifle now in use. The new rifle is slightly shorter than the Springfield. The breech is opened and closed by a sliding-bolt



RICE EQUIPMENT—AS SHOULDER-BELTS.

operated by a handle and knob at its rear end. The magazine is a horizontal one, lying under the receiver of the barrel, and closed by a gate at its right side. Part of the barrel, where it is grasped by the left hand in firing, is covered with wood. This is necessary, for the barrel becomes very hot from the extreme rapidity of fire. The handle at the rear end of the bolt, and a lug at its front end, fit into grooves and lock the bolt when the breech is closed. On its exterior the bolt carries the extractor, while inside is the firing-pin and spiral mainspring.

The magazine holds five cartridges, which are pressed forward by means of a follower acted upon by a spring, so that the cartridges are placed one by one in front of the bolt. The magazine can be instantly filled from a "quick-loading" box holding five cartridges. When the bolt is drawn to the rear, the cartridge just fired is withdrawn by the hook of the extractor, and thrown clear of the gun by an ejector at the bottom of the receiver. At the same time a fresh cartridge from the magazine is placed in front of the bolt. The bolt is then shoved forward, placing the cartridge in the barrel, and at the same time cocking the firing-pin, so that the piece is ready for firing.

On the left side of the piece is a "cut-off," by means of which the cartridges in the magazine can be held in reserve until the proper moment, and in the mean time the piece can be used as a single-loader.

The cartridges are bottle-shaped. The bullet weighs only half as much as that of the Springfield, and is fired with nearly double the muzzle velocity, giving greater range and accuracy. The powder used is of the smokeless variety, so as not to obscure the view of the soldier and not to obstruct the small bore of the gun. The bayonet is simply a long knife, so that it is useful off as well as on the gun.

One important feature of the new rifle is that in one minute's time, without the assistance of any tools, it can be completely taken apart, any broken part replaced, and then it can as quickly be put together again.

J. C. W. Brooks, United States Army.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

A popular contemporary exercise for the imagination is naming the holes in golf links. As every one knows, the holes of the famous St. Andrews links in Scotland have all had proper names these last four hundred years, and while it is possible to play golf after a fashion on a links where the holes are merely identified by their numbers, no new links is really complete until its nomenclature is perfected. And that is not done in a moment. Names have to be tried and tested by competition with other names before their fitness or unfitness is ascertained. They are suggested naturally by features of the ground, the vegetation, neighboring objects or structures, or by bunkers of exceptional malignancy. A name that ought to be popular in American links, and which is believed to be now for the first time suggested, is Bunker Hill. On the St. Andrews links not only the holes, but many of the courses and bunkers between them, have been named, to the great convenience of garrulous players, who shoulder their clubs after play and tell how fields were won.

An interesting and apparently praiseworthy movement is reported to be afoot at Newport for the prevention of slanderous articles in newspapers. The Newport cottagers, by reason of wealth and social distinction, are especially conspicuous people, and have suffered in an exceptional degree from the disposition of the correspondents of sundry journals to pry into their personal concerns and publish lying tales about them. Inasmuch as the purveyance of this sort of matter is an organized industry, it is proper that the opposition to it should be organized also. Individuals will often suffer great injustice from newspaper gossip in silence, because it is so much trouble to invoke the law's protection; but as members of an organization the express purpose of which was to run down slanders and punish the perpetrators of them, they might stand a better chance of enjoying such a reasonable privacy as the laws accord them. Inasmuch as the offenders are not the local newspapers of Newport, but some of the more "enterprising" journals of New York, an organization started in Newport would probably be found almost as useful to its members after they go back to town as during the activities of the summer.

There is a new word, or, what amounts to the same thing, an old word used in a new sense. "Appreciation" is the word, and it is used in the sense of appreciative criticism or notice. Thus the London correspondent of the *Critic* says that "it is proposed to evolve a memoir of Walter Pater from a series of appreciations from the hands of various friends"; and again, that a forth-coming life of Sir Andrew Clark "will be of peculiar interest because Mr. Gladstone will contribute to it an appreciation of the great physician." Mr. Pater is said to have invented this new use of a familiar word, and it is just that he should undergo an application of it. It expresses an idea that "criticism" does not clearly convey, and which perhaps no other single word does convey. So it is useful, but for all that it savors of slang, and it is a question whether it will stand the hard work it is likely to undergo.

A beginning will be made this fall in the erection of the Administration Building of the American Methodist University at Washington. The intention of the backers of the new university is to raise an endowment fund of $5,000,000. Of this about $700,000 have been subscribed, and as this is not a convenient season to raise the rest, the concern is going to start with what it has. A fine site, including ninety acres of land on high ground overlooking the Potomac, has been given by citizens of Washington. If the money that is wanted can be raised, and such a university established in Washington as the Baptists have at Chicago, it will add much to the interest of the national capital. Education is one of the few forms of industry that Washington can hope to attract, and the fact that the Roman Catholics have recently started a university there, coupled with this new project of the Methodists, indicates that its expectations of becoming a seat of learning as well as of government are gaining a substantial basis. Washington is getting to be a great residence city, and should have first-rate schools, and if it has first-rate colleges too, so much the better. Its development interests the whole country, and doubtless it is one of its greatest advantages as a site for sectarian institutions that all the States can be drawn upon for funds for them, without encountering too much of the local prejudice that most people feel in favor of spending their spare education-money at home.

It is evident that when Professor Frederick A. Cook, surgeon and ethnologist of the Peary expedition, fitted out his scientific summer excursion to the far North he omitted, with a fatuity not unnatural in a scientific man, to provide himself with a competent mascot. Authorities differ as to whether his iron steamship *Miranda* was suited to an arctic voyage or not, but no ship, however constructed, could have hoped to cope successfully with the *Miranda's* ill luck. It began promptly by a week's delay in starting. It was July 7th, instead of July 1st, before the *Miranda*, with her fifty professors, sportsmen, scientific specialists, and correspondents got away from New York. Once in motion, she proceeded in comparative prosperity to St. John's, Newfoundland; but on July 17th she struck an iceberg near Belle Isle, and was so far damaged that she had to put back to St. John's and spend ten days in repairs. Starting again on July 29th, she steered for Greenland, and reached Sukkertoppen August 7th. Two days later she started north from there, but had hardly cleared the harbor before she struck hard and repeatedly on a sunken rock. That finished her trip northward. She got back to Sukkertoppen, where some of the scientific tourists went ashore again and scoured the country for reindeer and birds, while others, including Dr. Cook, scoured the sea in a small boat looking for help for the distressed steamer. An American fishing-schooner was sighted off Holstenborg, which agreed to accompany the *Miranda* home and carry her passengers. On August 21st they started back together, the schooner in tow; but that night a storm came up which set the steamer a-leaking so seriously that in the morning her crew were put aboard the schooner, and she was abandoned, with her pumps and engines still working, and all of the property, scientific apparatus, and arctic trophies of the tourists still aboard. The schooner brought her living cargo of ninety-three souls safe to port at North Sidney, Cape Breton. Dr. Cook and seventeen of his comrades sailed from Halifax to New York on the steamer *Portia*, the *Miranda's* sister ship. The parting compliments of the hoodoo which had attended them so faithfully came in a fog on September 10th, when the *Portia* ran down a schooner off Cuttyhunk, in Vineyard Sound, and drowned four of her men. Dr. Cook reached New York September 11th, in good health, and thankful that all of his fifty adventurers had got back alive. If he goes North again next year it is probable that he will make all his other preparations secondary to the provision of a competent and serviceable mascot. Possibly he would have done better this time in a wooden ship, but not even wooden vessels of approved construction for arctic wear are proof against the impact of icebergs, or can skate successfully over sunken rocks. What Dr. Cook needs most next time is better luck.

E. S. Martin.

IN THE CITY AFTER LEAVING THE MOUNTAINS.

Dull senses, stirred
By the great city's sounds, so long unheard;
Toil-swollen hands and sluggish, sun-baked brain,
To feel this civic pulse—to think again—
I strive in vain:
For old, old mountains rise
Behind these crowds of people of to-day.
Gray rock, green forest, and their darling stream
Are in my eyes still, since my lingering gaze
Held them, them only, through long, lonely days.
So, to my eyes,
Our toiling human thousands do but play
With phantom needs, with woes born of a dream:
Chasing desires that flit, with mocking cries,
Athwart the mountainous old verities.

M. W.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The New York State Agricultural Society has just held its fifty-fourth annual fair, and in many regards it was the most successful exhibition in the long career of this praiseworthy association. The society came into existence about the same time that the Royal Agricultural Society was organized in England, and both were started by the same impulse which half a century ago made farmers and breeders of stock realize that haphazard methods in breeding animals and in tilling the soil should give place to the methods of science. Both institutions therefore were educational in their tendency, and the exhibitions were meant to afford annual places at which to compare the results achieved by those who aimed always to improve on the old order when that order was unsatisfactory or unprofitable. Until a few years ago the fairs of the New York society were held at different places in the State, upon the idea that each locality should have a chance. This was found to be unsatisfactory for several reasons. One tendency was to make each fair somewhat local in character. That is, when it was held at Rochester, the exhibits of that neighborhood preponderated; and when it was held at Albany, the Albany folk were the most considerable exhibitors. And so on. Then, again, a fair-grounds when not used for several years fell into decay and disorder, and it was necessary for every meeting to spend large sums in putting buildings and grounds in decent order. These outlays were for the year only, and in a great measure thrown away. It was deemed wise by the members of the society to secure permanent grounds, and so fast as means permitted to erect permanent buildings.

Syracuse, one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities in the State, is very near to the geographical centre of New York, and for that reason, as well as the fact that a good site could be obtained there, it was selected as the permanent abiding-place of the society. Just on the outskirts of the city, and easily accessible by good roadways and several lines of railroads, a tract of one hundred and twenty acres of very nearly level land was purchased. The society did not have much means after buying this land, and therefore the buildings so far erected are not as handsome and suitable as they probably will be in the near future. But, notwithstanding this, the fairs that have been held have been entirely creditable, and the interest in them has each year increased. The exhibits at these fairs are arranged and classified by men who have had a large experience in such matters, and they are installed with as great advantage as is possible considering the inadequate room at the disposal of the managers. There were eleven full classes of exhibits, as follows: Cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, farm-produce, dairy, domestics, implements and machines, flowers, fruits. There is space to say only a few words as to each of these classes.

The cattle exhibit at this fair was most admirable, and consisted of Shorthorns, Devons, Brown Swiss, Red Polls, Holstein-Friesians, Dutch-Belted, Ayrshires, Jerseys, Guernseys, Herefords, fat cattle, and oxen. Nearly all of these classes were well filled by entries, and the skilled judges had no easy task to select the winners of the prizes, which were numerous and valuable. As the society manages to secure exceptionally good men as judges, the awards from this fair are held in high esteem by breeders of cattle. There is an effort to make the awards mean something, and judges are requested not to hesitate to decline to give premiums when the animals entered and shown are not worthy of praise and commendation. For the best herd and the best bull and produce in each subdivision of the cattle class gold medals were awarded; in other subdivisions the prizes ranged from $50 to $5. Though the amount of money given away in prizes is in the aggregate a large sum, it is so divided that it is not sufficient to induce a visitor to come for that alone.

The horse class was even larger than the cattle, and the entries more numerous. There were prizes for Clydesdales, English Shires, Percherons, French coach-horses, Cleveland bays, hackneys, standard-bred horses, carriage and coach horses, roadsters, farm and draught grades, Shetland-ponies, Exmoor ponies, harness and saddle horses. All of these grades had creditable entries save those for Cleveland bays and saddle horses. That there should have been a failure in these particular kinds of horses is probably due to the fact that breeders have learned that the Cleveland bay is rather an inferior animal at his best, and that the gentlemen of central New York who have cultivated a taste for horseback exercise do not put their hacks on exhibition. The French coach-horses on exhibition were particularly fine, and would have attracted attention and commendation at any horse show in the world. When the ponies came to be judged, on Saturday morning, the children who crowded around the ring became so excited that the fence was an insufficient barrier, and the ring itself, which they invaded, too small to hold them. For the proper exhibition of horses an amphitheatre is sadly needed. The managers of the society recognize this, and have in prospect such an improvement.

In the class for sheep there were many entries. The Shropshires, the Cotswolds, and the Southdowns were particularly fine; but the Merinos, with their picturesque horns and fleece in folds, were more interesting than the other varieties to uninformed visitors. The class for swine was important to breeders and to farmers, but the general public did not linger long in the locality where the pigs were housed. The poultry show was larger than ever, notwithstanding the fact that entrance fees had been doubled since the year before. The poultry-house was all too small, and the cages so encroached upon the aisles that visitors could go through the department only with difficulty. The varieties shown were not nearly so great as those to be seen every winter in Madison Square Garden, and those missing were of the kinds usually raised only by fanciers, professional and amateur. This goes to show that the exhibitors of poultry at the State Fair were, as a rule, practical farmers, men who make their livelihood in that way, and not merely those who go in for chickens as a fancy or a fad.

Considering the drouth of the past season, it was scarcely to be expected that the exhibit of farm produce would be very good. But it was most excellent, and the amazingly big specimens of this thing and that were possibly larger than ever seen before. Certainly no one ever before saw the like of the cucumbers that were exhibited by the Geneva Experiment Station. They were four feet long. Indeed, the whole exhibit of this Experiment Station was most interesting, and might be made very valuable if farmers would closely read and study the records setting forth how the successes in vegetable culture were achieved. The fruit exhibition was declared, by men who have seen all the fairs in this country for a quarter of a century, to be the best that has ever been made. It is not difficult to believe this, for though the conditions under which visitors saw the fruit were not at all favorable, it was impossible not to see that the fruit was most extraordinary in quality and large in variety. The dairy products were also admirable. A new rule had been made for this fair, that neither butter nor cheese falling below 94 points in a possible 100 should be considered worthy of a prize. It is interesting to note how the judges score in test of butter. Here is the standard:

To flavor	is given	45	points.
" grain	"	25	"
" color	"	15	"
" salting	"	10	"
" packing	"	5	"
	Total,	100	"

Butter scoring one hundred is considered to be perfect. Several exhibits were so considered by the judges. So, also, several perfect cheeses were found. It is interesting to note that there are two standards for cheese—one for the export and one for the home trade. The only difference is that in the home trade flavor is considered to be of slightly greater consequence. The arrangements for showing butter are admirable. The butter is kept in an immense refrigerator, with plate-glass sides, at a temperature of about forty degrees, and, therefore, is not likely to be injured by warm weather. Adjoining the room for showing butter and cheese is an assembly-room with a raised platform, on which butter experiments are made and from which lectures are delivered.

The domestic class, consisting largely of art and fancy work, was very large, and was doubtless most interesting to those who had pictures, quilts, shawls, afghans, mittens, mats, or other beautiful or useful things on exhibition. The writer did not have a chance to do this department full justice. The building was not only overcrowded, but it was quite dark. The flower show was good in both the professional and amateur classes. The class for implements and machines was notable on account of the number and variety of the road-making machinery. This is a further illustration of the well-known fact that American ingenuity is very quick to take advantage of every demand for machinery. A township nowadays can supply itself with all the machinery and implements for making good roads at a very small outlay of capital. There were, for instance, four varieties of portable rock crushers on exhibition, and the dearest of these was only $900.

From this very brief review of the exhibits at the State Fair it will be seen that the show was most excellent in many regards, and that it did not often fall short of what it should have been in the particulars in which exhibitors or managers could have made it different. The difficulty seems to be that the society has not the means to erect suitable buildings at once, nor to put the grounds in proper order. If this were purely a private enterprise it would be ungracious to call public attention to such shortcomings; but it is a public enterprise, and the society is a State institution, and assisted by State appropriations. Governor Flower, in a speech made at the fair, said, among other things, this: "The State has recognized the good which your association has done, and has endeavored to foster it by appropriations of money for premiums and other purposes. So this undertaking has become distinctively a State institution, and for that you are indebted to the new interest which has been awakened during the last two years in agricultural development. You are working in harmony with the State to extend the scope of agricultural knowledge, and to make the conditions of agriculture attractive and profitable."

Unfortunately the buildings and grounds of the New York State Fair are unworthy of the State in almost every way that they may be looked at.

This unworthy condition is not the fault of the State Agricultural Society. The members of the society have certainly done nearly all in their power to accomplish good results, and with the means at their command they have done excellently. What is needed is an appropriation by the State sufficiently great for the immediate improvement of the State Fair grounds according to a large and comprehensive plan, in which should always be included the idea that a fair building that is not beautiful is entirely unsuitable. There are few if any States in the West not much better supplied with fair buildings than those at Syracuse. New-Yorkers affect to think themselves and their State superior to any other. When they put themselves, their products, their live-stock, and their achievements in the arts on exhibition at their State Fair each autumn, they do not make a showing that goes far to make good their boast of superiority. This is not because the material is not there. It is there in great abundance, and very fine in quality, but the setting is so inferior that the showing is the reverse of what was intended. New York does not have the finest fair in the country merely because it is held in New York. Even that really ought to be the case.

All the structures, with the exception of the buildings for live-stock and for dairy produce, are unsuitable. Now these buildings, the permanent home of a distinctly State institution, should not be mere sheds. They should be splendid buildings, beautiful as works of art, and specially designed by the best architects in the country for the purpose for which each is intended. In the course of time something approaching this might be done by the society, the State doling out a few thousand dollars each year. Doubtless half a million dollars or so wisely expended would be sufficient to erect the buildings that are needed and to improve the grounds.

THE "MACHIAS" AND "CASTINE"

THERE has just been completed at the Navy-Yard, New York, the somewhat unusual undertaking in naval practice of adding fourteen feet to the gunboats *Machias* and *Castine*.

These vessels were finished, so far as their contractors, the Bath Iron-Works, of Bath, Maine, were concerned, and accepted by the government after excellent speed trials, when it was discovered that the vessels lacked sufficient stability to meet the vicissitudes of a moderate gale—stability vanishing completely at an angle of heel of forty-five degrees. A board was appointed to determine what would "produce in the end the most efficient and useful vessel to the navy." After the discussion of several plans, the majority of the board determined that lengthening the vessels fourteen feet amidships, reducing the rig to pole masts, cutting down the smoke-pipe ten feet, leaving out the central and fore and aft bridges, wire hawsers, reels, and nippers, and substituting a lighter steam-cutter would effect the desired end.

Accordingly, on May the 15th of the present year, the two vessels, one after the other, were floated into the timber dry dock, and, as the dock was drained, rested on the keel-blocks. The next day, everything being in readiness, the work of cutting the ships in two was begun. That was accomplished by clipping off the rivet-heads on the inside from the hammock-berthing all the way down the sides and through the keel-plates just one foot abaft the midship frame, No. 51. The rivets were then simply pushed out, and the ship was in twain without the cutting of a single plate. Immediately after docking, sliding-ways were placed under the forward halves of the vessels, and when all was ready, these halves were raised from the keel-blocks and rested upon the sliding-ways, which had already been well greased. By means of hydraulic jacks, some inside and some outside of the vessels, the forward parts were forced forward on the ways fourteen feet, care being taken to keep the separated parts in original alignment. After the separation was completed, seven new frames were interposed, together with the fourteen feet of added plating necessary to bring the parts in unison once more.

While unusual in the navy, the practice of lengthening vessels is not at all novel, and in this instance the two ships were small unarmored gunboats, without protective decks or other heavy plating, and consequently the work, aside from needful accuracy in separation and the subsequent reconciliation to the vessels' old lines, was not difficult. A wooden craft of like size would have been a harder task, and in the ship-building world that feat is not unfrequent.

These vessels will be added in a few weeks to the active list of the navy, and with their altered hulls may be described as follows: Length of hull on load water-line, 204 feet; extreme beam, 32 feet; mean draught, 12 feet 8¾ inches; sea-going displacement, 1271.6 tons. Maximum indicated horse-power (contract trial): *Machias*, 1828; *Castine*, 2186. Speed an hour in knots (contract trial): *Machias*, 15.46; *Castine*, 16.03. Batteries: main, eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns; secondary, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, two Gatling guns. There is one torpedo-tube, and that is in the stem.

The engines are of the triple-expansion, direct-acting type, each with a high-pressure cylinder of 15 inches, and intermediate cylinder of 25 inches, and a low-pressure cylinder of 34 inches diameter, having a stroke of 24 inches. The four boilers, each 10 feet in diameter by 17½ feet long, will carry 160 pounds of steam.

The total coal allowance is sufficient under changed conditions to give the vessels an endurance of over five thousand knots at a cruising speed of eight knots an hour.

The direct result of the modified form of hull is to insure sufficient stability to meet any ordinary emergency, to give 83½ tons more coal capacity, and consequent increased endurance, at eight knots, of 1500 knots, and to allow an additional supply of fresh water for the boilers of sixteen tons. These differences, the board claims, will compensate for decreased speed, varying from a loss of four-tenths of a knot an hour at cruising speeds up to ten knots, and a loss of two-tenths of a knot from ten knots upward to the maximum speed.

The original contract cost of each vessel, aside from the premiums earned for over-developed speed, was $318,000; and the expense of alteration to both vessels will amount, when they are restored to service condition, to about $60,000. The *Machias* has just been ordered to proceed to China, *viâ* Europe and the Suez Canal. On her way she will stop at Italy and deliver the Vatican relics, which have been in the possession of the State Department since the close of the World's Fair.

R. G. S.

AN ELECTRIC FAN.

WHIRLING aloft like a dizzy bee,
Weaving in circles wide and free,
It brings the breath of the mountain morn
And the thought of ranks of ribboned corn,
And the sound of the surf in coolness borne
From the shore of the great salt sea.

Whirling in spirals swift and dark,
It takes us round in its wonderful arc
To the Indian land, where the punkah swings,
And a tinkling slave the sherbet brings,
And the drowsy hours flit past on wings;
We sail in an elfin bark.

The livelong day, like a gnome at play,
It toils in its splendid tireless way,
Plying its shuttle before our eyes,
Till we half forget, in glad surprise,
The heat that falls from the blistering skies,
And take *our* work, like play.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the great appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

THE guaranteed cure for all headaches is BROMO-SELTZER—trial bottle 10c.—[*Adv.*]

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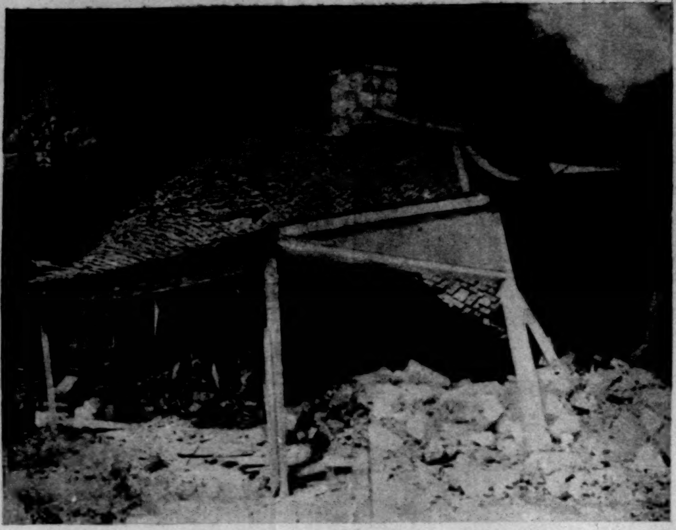
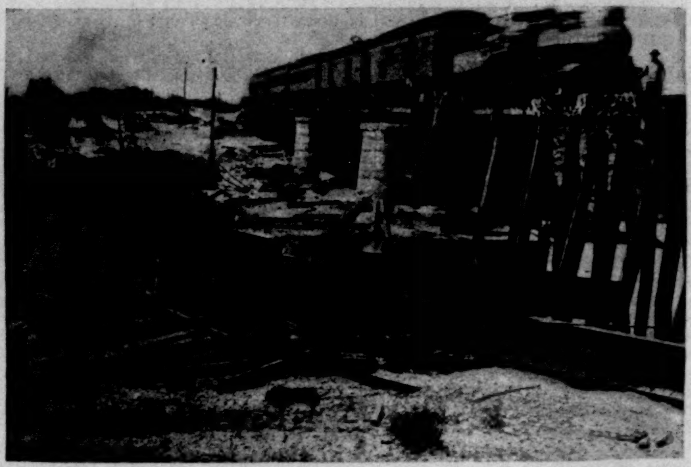


THE GRINER HOMESTEAD.
Completely undermined by the Flood.

REMAINS OF THE RESIDENCE OF F. A. HATCH.
Man in Tree showing height of Flood Water.

CLEAN SWEEP MADE OF A RANCH.
Hardly a Trace left of Buildings or Fences.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER LEONA.
Showing temporary Structure and Relief-Train.

THE GREAT FLOOD AT UVALDE, TEXAS.

THE FLOOD AT UVALDE, TEXAS.

THE Leona River, in Southwest Texas, rose suddenly on the morning of August 30th, and escaping its banks, flooded the valley. In the course of the deluge stood the little village of Uvalde, in Uvalde County. The waters completely submerged the town, and when they subsided it was found that five lives were lost, and a half-million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. For seven years Southwest Texas has suffered from a drought. Last spring the conditions were most distressing. In many places no crops had been harvested for several seasons, and throughout the country the rivers, wells, and watercourses had dried up. Cattle, sheep, and horses had died from lack of water, and calls for relief for the "drought sufferers" were of weekly occurrence in the Rio Grande tier of counties.

About two months ago the rains commenced to fall, and the seven years' drought was an incident of the past. The moisture came in time to save the crops, and prosperity smiled upon the once stricken section. For several days previous to the Uvalde disaster heavy rains had fallen in Uvalde County, and the formerly dry creek beds were running water in moderate quantities. On the 29th of August the water in the Leona was about knee-deep. The night of the 29th the 2000 inhabitants of the village on the Southern Pacific Railroad retired to their rest well satisfied with the world and themselves. A fine rain was falling, crops were in good condition, the town was full of farmers purchasing supplies, cotton was rolling in, and it seemed that the prosperity of the days before the drought had returned. At three o'clock in the morning the Leona commenced to rise rapidly. In an hour the water was creeping through the streets of the sleeping town, and in two hours a roaring, raging torrent several miles wide was sweeping down the valley, carrying everything before it. The night was black as ink, and the rushing torrent carried *débris* in the shape of trees, dead cattle, and fence rails.

To add to the horror of the situation, earthquake shocks came repeatedly, and it seemed to the terrified inhabitants that the day of doom was at hand. The water rapidly subsided, and day broke over a scene of desolation and destruction. It was found that Mrs. F. A. Hatch, Miss Mattie Edwards, Miss Millissa Maley, and two Mexican children were drowned, and that every householder in the lower part of town had suffered more or less loss. The rise commenced about three miles above the village, and the damage extended for twenty-five miles down the valley. The Southern Pacific Railroad was a heavy loser, as three long stretches of track were washed out, with three bridges, one of them the heavy iron structure that spanned the Uvalde River. The great iron trusses were twisted into corkscrews. The stream at its highest was in places five miles wide, and it destroyed the crops of nearly all the farmers of the valley. The fact that the loss of life was so small is almost miraculous, and can only be accounted for by the fact that the flood spent its force by spreading out over the level bottom-land. Great destitution followed the subsiding of the water. Many families were homeless and in want. Telegraphic calls were sent out for help, and relief-trains were started from San Antonio, the nearest city, loaded with provisions and clothing promptly provided by the citizens. The cause of the flood is not known, but it is supposed that a heavy rain somewhat in the nature of a cloudburst did the work. The surface of the ground was checkered with great cracks after the earthquake shocks, and the general appearance of the country indicates a serious disturbance of physical conditions—a rare occurrence in Texas, as the State is of most recent geological formation, and has never shown signs before of being in the pathway of any of the great destructive phenomena of nature. Uvalde is located in a shallow artesian basin, and there is a general belief that the cracks in the earth tapped the water supply, and that it gushed up with the above consequences; but there is nothing to substantiate this theory.

CRICKET IN THE FORTIES.

THERE had been but occasional cricket in the United States prior to 1843. Englishmen coming to the United States had introduced their fine game, and played among themselves sparse matches. But cricket was an exotic. It had not been grafted. It had not taken root in American soil. You cannot take an adult and make a cricketer of him. You must begin young. The quick, nervous American boy had at first, then, no predilection for a game which might take all day and a part of the next to play to a finish. Immediate results seemed to suit his taste. He wanted speedy victory or sudden defeat. This, however, may be said to the advantage of the American temperament—it has the Celtic dash and power of assimilation, with a positive amount of English and German doggedness. A North Prussian might learn cricket, but an Italian or a Frenchman—never!

It is a nice question of precedent as to the beginnings of American cricket, and I approach it with a certain amount of diffidence. Plucking up heart of grace, I consulted with Mr. William Rotch Wister, of Philadelphia. Now this gentleman has earned most deservedly the title of "the father of cricket in the United States." It is not wise to advance statements which would have to be dated forty or more years back, but I have always been inclined to think that a club of Philadelphia lads, all of them attached to the University of Pennsylvania, were the true originators of the game in the United States. Mr. Wister has given me the benefit of his reminiscences, and the opinion he arrives at coincides with my own. Cricket is a Philadelphia game. The fact that it has crystallized there shows it. From Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity come the leading American players. In many cases they are the sons of those who played in Philadelphia during the forties and the early part of the fifties.

As this article has to do with past reminiscences, I have to apologize for the personal factor. I must be chary of giving myself any undue prominence. I never was anything but a poor hand at the bat, though for the times I was a fair slow bowler, something of a wicket-keeper, and, I believe, a good enough fielder. For general all-round excellence Mr. Wister was our best man, or our best boy, and because of his good judgment and pleasant ways he always was our captain.

Looking from cause to effect, I am inclined to believe that there was another force which gave an impulse to cricket in the country around Philadelphia. I do not know how long before 1843 the Wakefield Mills in Germantown were established. For the making of hosiery of a certain grade English operatives came over to the United States. I think the majority of the people hailed from Nottinghamshire, but I am not positive about the shire. With the fathers were the mothers and the sons. The English lads brought their games with them. Among the household chattels the boys had stowed away their bats and balls. When there was a holiday the lads hurried to the Germantown fields near the mill, and then there was clicking of balls against willow bats. American lads looked over fences and watched the English boys. First they wondered. But there came a desire on the part of the natives to play the game, due perhaps to heredity. Imitation being the sincerest flattery, cricket was tried, and so began on the part of the American boy the first tentative efforts.

The lads living near Germantown soon became eager for cricket. The chances for a match were always possible. The English youngsters were good teachers. Professors and students were then continually playing cricket. There never was a holiday that the fields near Fisher's Lane had not stumps planted on the sward.

There is something else which presents itself to my mind in summoning up the memories of the past, and it is that American cricket owes a great deal to Professor J. K. Mitchell, the father of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The professor of the Jefferson College had remembered the advantages of English schools when he was a student in his younger days. Perhaps half a century ago we worked no harder at our books than do the lads of to-day, but some of us were growing too fast and were lanky, and so Dr. J. K. Mitchell proposed cricket as a corrective. He favored it, and gave us prizes for distinction in the field. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell won the first prize, a bat, for the greatest number of runs, and probably made a bigger score then than he has ever since. Mr. W. Rotch Wister carried off another bat, which, he tells me, he has rigorously preserved. In the forties, if you were lucky enough to own a Dark Bat or a Duke Ball (famous makers of those days) you were to be envied.

I have been fortunate in finding a notice of this match for the bat, which took place in September, 1845. The reporter is highly complimentary to certain of the players. At the conclusion he indulges in this prophecy: "In three years the College Club of Philadelphia would be able to play with any eleven in the country."

MATCH AT CRICKET,

Between the two elevens of the College Club of Philadelphia, for a bat presented by Dr. J. K. Mitchell.

FIRST ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Wister, run out	11	c. Klett	12
Clements, b. Phillips	2	b. Phillips	1
Leaming, b. Blight	6	b. Phillips	0
Crawford, run out	3	b. Green	0
Mitchell, b. Phillips	15	not out	23
Harding, b. Phillips	0	b. Green	0
Burgin, b. Phillips	0	b. Green	0
G. Richards, b. Phillips	0	b. Phillips	0
Wharton, not out	0	b. Green	0
Martien, c. Phillips	0	s. Green	1
Bache, c. Green	1	run out	0
Wide balls	1	Wide balls	2
Byes	2		
Total	41	Total	39

SECOND ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Blight, b. Leaming	1	b. Leaming	0
Phillips, b. Leaming	3	c. Clements	10
Klett, b. Wister	2	b. Wister	2
Green, b. Wister	0	c. Clements	1
Wetherill, b. Wister	2	b. Wister	4
Dillingham, not out	1	b. Wister	1
Wharton, c. Clements	0	c. Wister	1
Nancrede, b. Clements	0	b. Wister	0
B. Richards, b. Leaming	7	b. Wister	4
Bache, b. Wister	0	b. Wister	0
Vanderkemp, b. Wister	0	not out	3
Wide balls	0	Wide balls	3
Byes	2	Byes	0
Total	18	Total	29

(Continued on page 911.)

Puffer.
Harding.
Copland.
Morrell.

FOUR GREAT HURDLERS—HARDING AND COPLAND RETIRED, AND MORRELL DISQUALIFIED.

AMATEVR · SPORT

ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT STRONGER THAN THE ELEVEN he brought over on his last visit, in 1892, Lord Hawke's players do not appear to be so formidable a combination as at first it was expected it would be. He has succeeded in getting together an average good working eleven, but Philadelphia's chances of winning are certainly even. The team includes, besides Lord Hawke, K. McAlpine, C. W. Wright, and G. W. Hillyard of the old team. Hillyard was scarcely seen to advantage during their last visit; he was greatly handicapped by being on the hospital list from the effect of sunstroke, but is said to be a much improved player, therefore we may reasonably expect to see him at his best this time. Mr. Wright is the wicket-keeper of the eleven, but as a bat did nothing to stamp him as formidable on his last visit to this country; his reputation in that line seems, indeed, to have been gained during his 'varsity days, since which period he has scarcely justified the early promises he gave.

FRONT VIEW NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE, TRAVERS ISLAND.

There is no doubt Lord Hawke will miss A. M. J. Woods before he finishes his tour, although it must be acknowledged that the latter's work with the ball this year has not been up to his standard of a year ago.

INTEREST, OF COURSE, CENTRES in the new men, as they are, here at least, an unknown as well as an untried quantity. They are mostly university men, and some of them are said to have already distinguished themselves by remarkably fine performances both with the ball and willow. Sandford Robinson's work for Cambridge has scarcely justified the expectations formed from his earlier efforts, but he has probably been chosen on account of his skill with the mitts. He is a finely developed athlete, a passable batsman, and a wicket-keeper who may occasionally be called upon to relieve Mr. Wright. A. J. L. Hill is a good all-round man, who has played for Hampshire as well as for the light blue 'varsity; he is a fair change bowler, and an excellent bat. Mr. L. C. V. Bathurst comes to us with a great reputation, and should prove one of the top-notchers of the team. He has not only had the honor of representing the dark blue, but is a Middlesex County player, and, moreover, has had the distinction of playing for the Gentlemen of England *vs.* the Players, a fact that speaks for itself. He is a left-handed bowler, and delivers a medium pace ball, with excellent command as to pitch and pace; besides which, he is a fine bat. Mr. Mordaunt is another young man of prowess, being a sharp fielder, and the best bat turned out by Oxford this year. G. R. Bardswell, an old Uppingham lad, the school that has produced so many fine amateurs under the fostering care of that esteemed professional H. H. Stephenson, is said to be a deadly and accurate bowler, and at times a fairly good bat. W. F. Whitwell, who has been included mainly to strengthen the attack, has never done anything as yet to attract particular attention one way or the other. C. E. De Trafford, the Leicestershire captain, and also of M.C.C., is a really strong bat, who, if he can become accustomed to our dry creases, ought to make a lot of runs.

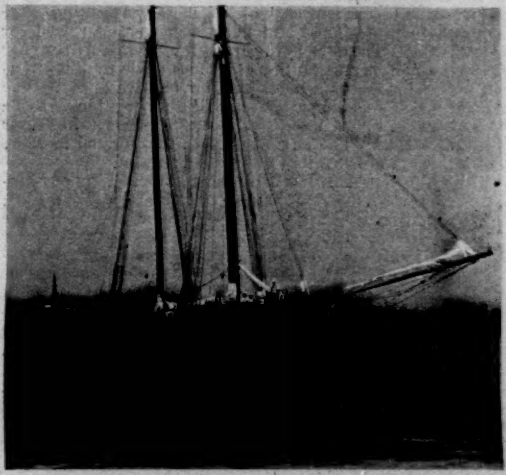
Mr. J. H. J. Hornsby was originally included on the eleven, but latest advices state he will not be able to come. Lord Hawke has therefore substituted R. S. Lucas, a Middlesex player, and fine bat. Hornsby did little on the last visit, though, to be just, he was not in form, and Lucas will strengthen the Englishmen in the batting line, where they need it less than in bowling. If Lucas cannot be utilized in that department, Lord Hawke's team will be weakened by Hornsby's inability to come.

YET, DESPITE ALL THE EXCELLENT MATERIAL of which the team is composed, I question whether it is so strong an all-round combination as the Australian eleven which met with such disastrous defeat at the hands of the Philadelphians last year. The team develops an abnormal tail of pronounced proportions in the batting line, while the Philadelphian team is entirely free from that unnecessary and useless appendage. It is not probable Lord Hawke underestimates the strength of his Philadelphian opponents, his former experience being altogether against such a supposition, but he has very likely sustained disappointments in getting together the team he wanted. There is no doubt that *bon camaraderie* weighed to some extent with his lordship in the selection of his first American eleven, but he thoroughly appreciates the work cut out for him on this occasion. That he is taking no chances in Philadelphia is shown by the fact that he has arranged his tour with a view of getting himself into thorough trim before playing in that city, where so many good elevens have heretofore had their most trying and discouraging experiences.

IN ESTIMATING THE CHANCES of combined Philadelphia against Lord Hawke's eleven it will perhaps be well to take a glance backward. The thoughtful reader, in reviewing past international matches in which the Gentlemen of Philadelphia have been successful, will be, no doubt, impressed by the fact that those successes have invariably been gained in the first match of the series. It is an undeniable fact that the opportunities afforded Englishmen—not only to play almost continuously throughout the season, but also to play against first-class professional bowling—have given them an advantage of incalculable value over American players. This is the experience which enables the visitors to finish so strongly once they have taken the gauge of our players and become accustomed to the fiery character of our grounds. Our sole chance of winning appears to have been confined to the first match, when matters were somewhat equalized by their unacquaintance with our style of play. Besides which the foreigners have been the more resourceful in expedients, and thus frequently equal to out-generalling us. We have been helped also to no little extent in our initial encounters with visiting cricketers by their lack of condition on arrival, and the swiftly following date of first match, which gave the foreigners barely time to get off their sea-legs.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1894 has most emphatically been an off one, partaking to no small extent of the general depression. With the abandonment of the tour arranged for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia through the British Isles, a disinclination to take any part in the scheduled Halifax Cup matches seems to have settled upon the Philadelphia cricketers, particularly noticeable among the Germantown cracks Messrs. George S. Patterson, F. H. Bohlen, and the Brown brothers, who were conspicuous for their absence from first-class matches. Whether this influenced the authorities of that club in announcing their intention to withdraw from the Halifax Cup league, an announcement happily afterwards recalled, I know not; but certain it is that Germantown was crippled by absenteeism to a more marked extent than any other club during the early and middle parts of the season, the failure of the best men to materialize when wanted being chiefly instrumental in throwing the coveted Halifax trophy Belmontwards. Had Germantown been able to place anything like its full strength in the field there is little doubt the cup would have reposed with its former keepers for another season.

Mr. F. H. Bohlen was gaining experience on the cricket fields of England—where he did not play up to his form—and at home, singularly enough, a number of the first players were seen to little advantage during the early part of the summer, several of them, notably A. M. Wood, being decidedly below standard. As the season advanced, however, the cracks recovered their form, the late summer witnessing some very remarkable work with the bat. Undoubtedly the particularly bright performance of the season was Mr. G. S. Patterson's score of 271, run up against A. M. Wood's eleven at Elmwood, August 21st and 22d. The compilation of this huge score occupied Mr. Patterson nearly eight hours, and being made against first-class bowling, it deserves, perhaps, to rank as the finest exhibition of scientific batting ever seen here in a native match. Mr. Patterson batted with consistent brilliancy throughout the late summer, no less than three centuries being recorded to his credit in as many weeks. Philadelphia is the stronghold of cricket in America so far as American players are concerned, more interest being taken by the general public.



COMMODORE HUSTED'S FLAG-SHIP "CRUSADER."
LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

THE RESTORATION TO FORM of Messrs. E. W. Clark and W. Brockie, both of whom have scored centuries, was another most gratifying result of the season, while A. M. Wood, the Belmont crack, has also batted with his old-time strength. Of the Philadelphia bowlers, S. Goodman has shown the best work, but J. B. King's expresses have proved as deadly as ever, while with the willow he has gained in skill and experience. Mr. Patterson's tour in Canada did not achieve the success anticipated, but the eleven was not representative of Philadelphia's full strength, and its record therefore has little bearing on the coming international match. It is a matter of some regret that Mr. Patterson's Winnipeg tour did not eventuate.

TRAVERS ISLAND—COUNTRY HOME OF NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.
Scene of A. A. U. Championships, September 15, 1894.

Lord Hawke is said to have been somewhat chagrined by the result of his first tour, and nettled by the charges that his team was chosen chiefly with a view to social rather than sporting conquests. If unfounded, we must conclude he underestimated the strength of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, or was disappointed in securing the players he wanted. There is no doubt of his keenness to wipe out the single defeat recorded against him on his last visit, and that he proposes to lose no advantage to that end is evidenced by the arrangement of a match with New York to get his men "fit" before meeting the more skilful Philadelphians. For my part, I consider that, with one really good bowler, S. M. J. Woods, and him by no means at his best, Lord Hawke should have considered himself very lucky to have captured one match out of the series in '92. Even taking into consideration the proverbial uncertainty of the game, Philadelphia should have won both matches without the least trouble.

Had Lord Hawke been able on this present visit to secure the services of Messrs. C. J. Kortright and F. S. Jackson his eleven would really be a formidable one; as it is, he has managed to get together an eleven that will take a lot of beating, and is undoubtedly stronger all round than his first.

Philadelphia will put a stronger team on the field than ever before. And as the men, wisely profiting by experience, have begun preparations for the conflict in due season, there seems more chance of a victory over Lord Hawke than on his last visit. Independent of this, Philadelphia is strong with the willow throughout, there being not a single weak batsman on the eleven. Dr. J. Al. Scott, though not batting in his old-time form, will undoubtedly be a valuable addition, because of his coolness and judgment in directing players; add to this the marked improvement shown in the batting of Messrs. Clark, Brockie, King, and Altemus, and the brilliant form of Messrs. Patterson, Wood, and Bohlen, and there seems much good reason for belief in Philadelphia's success with their formidable opponents from the other side. Should they have the luck to get a hard wicket, their prospects would be bright indeed.

Probably the most successful rowing regatta of the season was that of the Northwest Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held recently on Lake Washington, Seattle, Washington. It is worthy of lengthy comment because of the encouraging development of material and of the amateur status of the entries, which, generally speaking, were confined to professional and business men that rowed for sport's sake. The days were perfect for rowing, there being no breeze nor current, so that the times made by the different crews form a true index of their relative speed. The regatta was a decided success, and the association is to be congratulated upon so good a showing so short a time after its organization. The N.P.A. of A.O. was formed in 1892, and this therefore was its third annual regatta.

The Willamette Rowing Club was represented by one junior single sculler, one senior single sculler, and a junior four; the Vancouver Rowing Club by a junior four only; the Portland Rowing Club by senior doubles, junior four, and senior four; the Burrard Inlets by one junior four, one senior four, and one senior single. The Victoria Rowing Club was not represented, because of the non-arrival of their new English-built shell. The Seattle Athletic Club was represented by the first crew in its history, a senior four, all the oarsmen of which had pulled in winning boats elsewhere, and on that account were classed as seniors.

The junior four race, in which the Willamette, Vancouver, Portland, and the Burrard Inlet rowing clubs competed, was won easily by the last named, in the good time, for a junior four, of 9 min. 24⅗ sec., with Portland two lengths behind, and Vancouver pressing them hard for second place, while the Willamettes were eight lengths behind the third crew, trying to force the water out of the deep and beautiful lake by splashing and scratching in a way that bespoke a lack of training in the rudiments of rowing. Between the other crews it was a pretty race, and well rowed.

The senior singles followed the junior fours, with Johnson representing the Burrard Inlets, and Quackenbosh the Willamettes. The latter was decidedly the favorite, because of having held the championship in this part of the country for nine consecutive years, and consequently acquired the reputation of being invincible. He rows a short but very quick stroke, pulling forty to the minute over the entire course. Johnson, on the other hand, rows a much longer stroke, and comparatively lower, with great reserve power, and he won easily, covering the course in 10 min. 49⅗ sec.

The junior doubles race was won by the Portland club, in 10 min. 42¼ sec. This event practically went by default, since there were no other entries.

The senior fours race, in which the Portland Rowing Club, the Burrard Inlet Club—last year's champions of the Association—and the Seattle Athletic Club crews met, was by far the most interesting event of the regatta. The Burrards, having rowed together for the past four years, and defeated the Portlands last year by half a length, were naturally sanguine. The Portland crew had the same men that have comprised it since the organization of the Association, and the Seattle boat contained veteran oarsmen, all of whom had rowed in their college days, but had pulled together less than three weeks as a crew for Seattle. These facts made the outcome a matter of much conjecture, but the Burrards were decidedly the favorites, with Portland second, and Seattle regarded as the dark horse. All crews pulled in excellent form, the college stroke of Seattle showing up well, while the blade-work of the others was perhaps superior. The three got off well together at the report of the pistol, Burrards going to the front in the first ten strokes, closely pressed by Portland, which did not have much the better of the Seattle oarsmen. The Burrards rowed 42 per minute, the Seattles pegged away at a steady 37, while their Portland rivals were rowing a hard 40. This was kept up to the quarter-mile, when the strokes of both Portland and Burrard were at an even 39 and Seattle's remained unchanged. At this point Seattle was holding its own well with the Portland crew, while it had pushed its bow on even terms with the supposedly formidable Burrard. At the mile Portland had just finished a fine spurt, which gave two lengths of clear water between it and Seattle, the former rowing 39 and the latter still sticking to 37, while the Burrards seemed to have lost heart, and had fallen to the rear in spite of a 43 spurt for almost an entire minute. This lead made Portland sure of winning, and in its confidence it dropped its stroke to 37, the same Seattle was pulling, whereupon the latter began crawling up at every stroke. The last half-mile was a hot race, Portland being chased so hard that a spurt was called for by its captain, to which stroke could not respond. The Seattle captain, whose crew meanwhile had been grinding away at a steady 37 pace per minute, called for a spurt about two hundred yards from the finish, which brought a magnificent response and 39 stroke that closed up the gap between the two boats and brought Seattle across the finish-line only ten feet behind Portland, the latter winning in the good time of 8 min. 52⅗ sec. In another hundred yards the "dark horse" would have won the race from the two veteran and formidable crews.

The time made by both crews was very good for dead water and no favoring conditions, and Seattle acquitted itself handsomely, considering that two of the men in the boat had practised only sixteen days, while the other two had very little more training. Three of the Seattle men learned their rowing in the same school, while the fourth, also a college man, is a Canadian, and the college stroke proved its undoubted superiority. While the college men did not win, they made a much better showing than was expected of them, rowing well within themselves at the finish of the race, and sitting up at the end as if ready to race back over the course in the same form and spirit they had when they came up. The Portland crew flopped over and were exhausted, with the stroke-oar fainting away.

Watson of the Burrard Inlets and Burgois of the Willamettes had entered for the junior singles, but the former, having expended more energy in the four-oared race than he had expected to use, did not start, and the event went by default to the Willamette Club. This, with a canoe paddling race in which there was little interest, ended the third annual regatta.

The regatta emphasized two things—the superiority of the college stroke, and the paucity of entries in some of the most important events. Rowing is comparatively new in this part of the country, and material scarce, but much may be done to increase entries if the clubs will encourage their forth-coming by holding competitive club races. Rival clubs are too far apart to permit of meeting more than once a year in the Association regatta, and therefore individual clubs must whet the racing appetite by home regattas. The entries may be few at first, but they are bound to increase, and the boating spirit will grow in proportion. Races are the surest incentive to careful training and development of speed. The class of men interested in boating in the extreme Northwest gives every evidence of the sport being founded on a wholesome basis, and with the proper encouragement there is no reason why the regatta of next year should not have at least twenty-five per cent. more entries than that of '94. With so many old college oars in their midst there is every assurance of future prosperity.

Rowing is not the only sport on the Pacific coast in which the college-trained athlete has evidenced his better preparation and method. While the extreme Northwest of the coast line has been giving lessons on the water, the Leland Stanford Junior University baseball nine of the Southwest has been administering them on the diamond. Baseball in California has not kept pace with football, since the latter took possession of so great a share of athletic material in the universities and schools. Both the University of California and Stanford, however, have striven to develop nines, which, regrettably, have not invariably been on the same strict amateur lines, and in the last couple of seasons the quality of skill and tone has been considerably bettered. Stanford has been a very earnest worker in encouraging the game at home, as well as in interpreting its ethics abroad, and it looks now as if we had seen the last of the semi-professional player on California university baseball teams. That the banishment of this unclean parasite should have been delayed reflects upon the faculties of both Stanford and University of California, who should never have countenanced so great a departure from the paths of honesty in amateur sport. Let us hope they will not make themselves liable to similar criticism in the future.

The Stanford nine, on the close of its season, started off on a tour which lasted about two months, and included a large section of the Pacific Northwest. Out of twenty-two games they won eighteen, two of those lost being to the Seattle Athletic Club nine, composed of old college men. It was a typical California college team, nine of the men being natives and two residents of the Pacific Northwest; they all played well, and the tour was probably the most extensive ever taken by a college team.

Apropos of the "business flavor," the Eastern baseball season has furnished every year, for the past three or four, the most pernicious example in the maintenance of the Cape May and Atlantic City nines. These two towns are popular summer resorts on the New Jersey coast, and an enterprising athletic *impresario* conceived the idea of increasing their attractions, and incidentally, of course, turning an honest penny, by forming two baseball nines composed of such college players as could be found with so vague a conception of amateur sport and so little respect for themselves as to perform for their summer's keep. Gate money is charged, which reimburses the *impresario*; and the players, with one or two exceptions, are fed and lodged at the "manager's" expense, in return for their services. It is an outrage on amateur sport that the universities permit their undergraduates to so demean themselves, and we are gratified in recording that Princeton has passed a rule disqualifying to her athletic teams any athlete playing on these "summer" nines.

We beseech Yale, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania to do likewise. The college men that have played this season on the Cape May and Atlantic City nines are Thomas, Ramsdell, Reese, Blakely, Coogan, Goeckle, Schoenhut of University of Pennsylvania, King of Princeton, Scannell of Harvard, Priest and Young of Cornell, Harley of Georgetown University. In my opinion, every one of these men that has lived at the expense of these summer clubs, in return for playing on their nine, has ceased to be an amateur. It is a shame the university faculties tolerate this travesty. We congratulate Yale on none of its players being found on the summer-nine list.

The National Athletic Championships of the A. A. U., given under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island, September 15th, were the best-managed and furnished the highest average of performance probably in the history of these annual meetings. Referee W. B. Curtis, the clerk of the course, and the field judges deserve credit for the expedition that characterized the decision of the events. The number of entries was comparatively small, and the clubs represented few, but the class of those that competed high, and the contests correspondingly interesting. As expected, the New York Athletic Club won the majority of championships, but the Boston Athletic Association made somewhat of an unexpectedly strong showing in the quarter, as did the Suffolk A. C. of Boston in the five-mile run and pole vault. Philadelphia, with Buchholz and Leslie, did as well as had been looked for, though the former seemed to lack some of the sprinting speed he had shown at the Inter-collegiate meeting last May. The New Jersey Athletic Club's little band of athletes, with the single exception of the high hurdles, carried off the events that it counted on winning; and the Pastimes, in addition to the walks, which S. Liebgold seems always certain to place to his club's credit, revealed, in addition, a good fast half-miler in Hollander, and a coming man in the hammer and shot.

Aside from these, the only other new man to show promising form was McLaughlin of the Worcester A. C., who led the field for a quarter of the half-mile, but died away on the finish, or, rather, more correctly speaking, did not have the speed to live with Kilpatrick when the latter rushed to the front, followed by Hollander. Three of the old men that were expected to finish close up in their respective races, Cary F. Spence, Chattanooga A. C., and H. D. Carr and C. G. Waldron, both of the Montreal A. A. A., failed to justify the confidence of their clubmates. Spence was beaten out for a place in his heat of the 100 yards by Bigelow of Worcester A.C., in time that could not have been faster than 10⅘, and Carr ran third to Seidler, N.J.A.C., in a heat of the 100 yards, at a pace probably one-fifth faster than Spence. Waldron was in rather hard luck in the quarter, being jostled about at the start in a large field, and never afterwards in the race.

The honors of the day were carried off by T. J. Lee, Stephen Chase, Charles Kilpatrick, and George W. Orton, all of the N. Y. A. C. Lee's running in the 100 and 220 was superb. He went away with a burst of speed that outclassed the others, and in form that was simply perfect. It was a revelation to those who remembered his sprinting of a few seasons ago, and speaks volumes for the skilful handling of trainer Mike Murphy. His 100 yards time, returned as 10⅕, seemed a good 10 sec., and was so clocked by two of the official timers and several outsiders, though the slow official watch, according to rule, was taken. His 22 seconds in the 220 around two turns argues ability to equal Carey's 21⅕ on a straightaway if he gets the opportunity while in his present form. Kilpatrick quite as brilliantly outstripped his field in the half-mile; he took the first quarter easily—for him—but on the last lap went to the front without difficulty, and won so handily, in 1.55⅘, that had he been pressed, it seemed the late Walter Dohm's American record of 1.54½ must have been bettered. Chase's form in the high hurdles has never been equalled; he clears the sticks easily, with no unnecessary effort, and rarely even clips them. He met the best man in America, and showed his unquestioned superiority, winning somewhat easily in the world's-record time of 15⅗. Puffer had a measure of consolation in winning low hurdles, with yards to spare, from Cady, in 25⅗.

The quarter-mile brought out a new and plucky man in Keane, B.A.A., who got away in the front and had speed enough to stop there. Sands, Sandford, and Waldron were considerably handicapped by being thrown out of their stride in the jostling around curves, and the race proved the undoubted unfairness of running more than four to five men in a championship quarter. Orton's 4.24⅖ for the mile was an exceedingly meritorious performance, though he had the race in hand after the second lap, and won rather easily. A good field started in the five miles, and staid on to the last couple of miles, when Bean, Carter, Baynes, and Rushmore took a commanding lead, closely bunched. So they remained until the last lap, when Bean and Rushmore sprinted ahead, the former finishing by yards in 26.53⅖, and as though ending a quarter instead of five miles. With the exception of the pole vault, with its unprecedented performance of two men clearing 11 feet—Buchholz and Loomis, the former winning on the jump off—the field events were not especially noteworthy, the turf being heavy for jumping, and no one in the shot-and-hammer equal to extending champions Gray and Mitchell.

In the swimming championships Kenney made a new American record in the 100 yards, and the performances generally were very good.

One-hundred-yard Run—Won by Lee, Seidler second, Buchholz, third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard—Won by Lee, Allen second, Spence third. Time, 22 seconds. Four-hundred-and-forty-yard—Won by T. F. Keane, B. A. A.; George M. Sands, N. Y. A. C., second; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 51 seconds. Eight-hundred-and-eighty-yard—Won by Charles Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C.; G. G. Hollander, P. A. C., second; James J. McLaughlin, W. A. C., third. Time, 1 minute 55 4-5 seconds.

One-hundred-and-twenty-yard Hurdle—Won by Stephen Chase, N. Y. A. C.; F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., second; W. F. Garcelon, B. A. C., third. Time, 15 3-5 seconds. Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard Hurdle—Won by F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C.; W. F. Garcelon, B. A. C., second; E. H. Cady, N. Y. A. C., third.

Two-mile Bicycle Race: Class A—Won by George C. Smith, N. Y. A. C.; H. H. Howard, N. Y. A. C., second; W. C. Darmer, N. J. A. C., third. Time, 5 minutes 16 1-5 seconds.

One-mile Run—Won by George W. Orton, N. Y. A. C.; A. J. Walsh, X. A. C., second; George O. Jarvis, N. Y. A. C. third. Time, 4 minutes 24 2-5 seconds. Five-mile Run—Won by C. H. Bean, S. A. C.; J. S. Rushworth, S. A. C., second; J. J. McKinnon, D. A. C., third. Time, 26 minutes 53 2-5 seconds.

One-mile Walk—Won by S. Liebgold, P. A. C.; Thomas Letson, N. Y. A. C., second; Louis Leibgold, N. J. A. C., third. Time 6 minutes 36 seconds. Three-mile Walk—Won by S. Liebgold, P. A. C.; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., second; David Fox, P. A. C., third. Time, 24 minutes 18 1-5 seconds.

Running High Jump.—Won by M. F. Sweeney, X. A. A., 6 feet; N. T. Leslie, B. C. A. A., and E. W. Goff, N. J. A. C., tie for second, 5 feet 10 inches.

Running Broad Jump.—Won by E. W. Goff, N. J. A. C., 22 feet 5 inches; F. C. Puffer, N. J. A. C., second, 22 feet; L. P. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., third, 21 feet 10 1-2 inches.

Pole Vault.—Won by C. T. Buchholz, B. C. A. A., 11 feet; Bernadotte Loomis, S. A. C., second, 11 feet; P. C. Stirgel, B. A. A., third, 10 feet.

Sixteen-pound Shot.—Won by George R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 44 feet 8 inches; J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., second, 39 feet 8 1-2 inches; Gottfried Wurtrich, P. A. C., third, 37 feet 1⅜ inches.

Fifty-six-pound Weight.—Won by James S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 33 feet 7⅜ inches; Gottfried Wurtrich, P. A. C., second, 28 feet 2 inches; Daniel Long, B. A. A., third, 25 feet 11 inches.

Sixteen-pound Hammer.—Won by James S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., 135 feet 9 1-2 inches; Gottfried Wurtrich, P. A. C., second, 126 feet 8 inches; B. C. Davis, N. J. A. C., third, 113 feet 4 inches.

One-hundred-yard Swimming Race—Final heat: Won by Kenney, Carey second; Dickey third. Time, Kenney, 1 minute 9 3-5 seconds; Carey, 1 minute 12 1-5 seconds. Four-hundred-and-forty-yard Swimming Race—Won by P. F. Dickey, N. Y. A. C.; T. Carey, P. A. C., second; George A. Thorne, C. A. A., third. Time, 7 minutes 24 seconds. Eight-hundred-and-eighty-yard Swimming Race—Won by Thomas Carey, P. A. C.; W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., second; Harry Kollock, C. C., P., third. Time, 15 minutes 23 seconds. One-mile Swimming Race—Won by Arthur T. Kenney, N. S. A., P.; W. G. Douglas, N. Y. A. C., second; P. F. Dickey, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 33 minutes 34 2-5 seconds.

The Larchmont Yacht Club ended the season on Saturday with its schooner race, which again brought together *Emerald* and *Ariel*—to say nothing of *Elsiemarie*, *Atlantic*, and *Dagmar*—a series of match races between *Viator* and *Loyal*, *Wasp* and *Gloriana*, *Pyxie* and *Madrine*. *Emerald*, *Viator*, *Wasp*, and *Pyxie* were the victors by 1 min. 23 sec., 3 min. 40 sec., 8 min. 38 sec., and 8 min. 22 sec. respectively. *Dorothy* won from *Minnetonka* in the 21-foot class by 2 min. 29 sec. The struggle between *Emerald* and *Ariel* was a long way the most exciting of the year, and the day's sport altogether the best of the season. The Larchmont Club may be congratulated on closing a very successful year, and one in which they have provided a large share of the sport.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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CRICKET IN THE FORTIES.

(*Continued from page 908.*)

In looking over this score made by the lads of forty-nine years ago, I might say that the general play was fairly good, with but six wide balls and four byes. In the cricket of to-day the attack shows but little change. It is in the defence that there is such notable improvement.

We were then styled the Junior Club, and all members were of the University of Pennsylvania. I think we numbered about thirty, and Wister was our president. I cannot remember now all the names, but with Mr. Wister I have been able to recall some of them. They were: T. Hewson Bache, Charles Bache, W. S. Blight, George Harding, F. Klett, Hartman Kuhn, John Perot, S. Weir Mitchell, B. W. Richards, G. Richards, John Samuel, C. M. Wetherill, W. C. Wister, Winthrop Sargent, Percy Sargent. The printed score gives some new names. A reference to a list of the graduates of the University of Pennsylvania from 1844 to 1848 would give all the members. Unfortunately the very early records of the Junior Cricket Club have been lost. Our practice-ground was the one used by the Union Cricket Club. It was a big field in Camden, New Jersey. We had rented the ground, so Mr. Wister tells me, for fifty dollars per annum.

This period from 1844 to 1848 was when England produced such great players as Lillywhite, Felix, Pilch, Parr, Mynn, Sir F. Bathurst, Pycroft, Clarke, and others. This was the time when the batter could not withstand the onslaught of the bowler. As all houses are built to be burned, or ships launched to be wrecked, wickets are pitched to be bowled. Stumps were shorter lived then than now. No one ever imagined the possibilities of a W. G. Grace.

We had a certain amount of respect for the prowess of the batter. We thought that the art of bowling was the rarest of human gifts. It was the time when bowling was, for the major part, underhand. Round-hand bowling was considered an innovation. I remember the first round-hand bowler, and how he frightened us. After the match was over we used to examine with bated breath the hole in the turf that Rouse, the crack round-hand English player, made with his heel as he spun round after the delivery of the ball. I recall this, too, that Rouse always looked imposing, as he wore a tall, glossy black hat. The portraits of the English cricketers of that day always show them with high shiny beavers. This hat was a relic of the pomp and ceremony of cricket seventy odd years ago. How we studied the defences against this treacherous round-ball bowling, the unknown maliciousness of the twist! Our feeling of triumph came when we thought we had the hang of it, and how crestfallen we were when with the first ball of an over the off bail went spinning out of sight.

It was the heroic period of cricket, when the lads stood up to the ball without greaves or gauntlets. Then the wicket-keeper took the hot balls in ungloved hands. There were occasional blacks and blues, and as collegiates run to signets and jewelry, there was many a ring whose jagged ends were driven by the ball into the fingers; but such accidents never damped our enthusiasm. We became in time fair fielders, and seized on the nicer points of play. We knew all about backing up. Rules and regulations as laid down in the Marylebone pandect we had by heart. We dared make no innovations.

We took a vast interest in the literature of the game. Then the gentlemen players were nowhere, the professional players gleaned all the laurels. The London *Field* was not of that date. *Bell's Life* was the authority. Oxford and Cambridge, Rugby, Eton, Harrow cricket were objects of careful study, though comments in print were briefer then than they are to day.

What was the height of our ambition? It was something preposterous. The Juniors made up their minds to beard the lion in his den. We were to play the Germantown Club, made up for the major part of English mill lads. I am inclined to think we had even dared to send them a challenge. The greatest care was taken in the selection of our eleven. The Juniors had not been long enough at cricket to develop that all-round character which helps so much in securing a good score. To me "team" is a modern innovation with a horsy sound. It was not in use in my younger days. We invariably said an "eleven." How great was my elation when I was incorporated in that eleven as one of the bowlers.

There has been so much attention paid in our days to athleticism that the good form of the lads of half a century ago is generally ignored. The young fellows of that day all knew how to pull a boat, to swim, how to box, and in Philadelphia there was an excellent gymnasium. Fox and hounds, hurdlers, sprinters were unknown then. There were no specialists, but I am quite sure that any of that eleven could have run two miles across country at a fair pace without distress, and that the highest zigzag rail fence would never have been climbed.

The match was played in Germantown, and lo! we were victors. It was a close match, with a few runs in our favor. I do so wish the score had been preserved, for Mr. Wister was our captain. A minor affair certainly. A lot of lads, all American on one side, mostly English on the other, playing on a field near Fisher's Lane, with maybe not a dozen spectators. It was not a first international match, but it was very near it—"at pueri ludentes."

Anyhow, it was the real beginning of American cricket. Such is Mr. W. Rotch Wister's opinion, as it is my own. And so, paraphrasing Monsieur Jourdain's famous speech, these Juniors may have made American cricket history *sans le savoir*.

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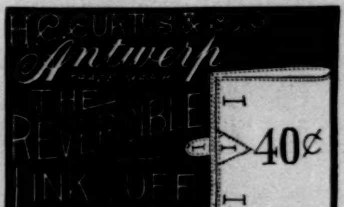

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